GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

Exquisitely chic and fascinating in design these two original Gooch gowns make a visit to Paris unnecessary. Other designs—Parisian or Gooch models—invite your early inspection. They are not extravagant.

"BOBETTE"

Attractive afternoon gown of marocain cut on becoming up-to-date lines. Honeycombed on bodice and waist, lattice work on sleeves. In Black and Tabac Brown.

Price 8½ Gns.

"BOBETTE"

"IRENE"

Charming dinner gown of black chiffon velvet, draped at side and adorned with steel ornament. In Black only. Price 7½ Gns.

Cannot be sent on approval.

"IRENE"

GOOCHS Ltd

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W. 3

Tube Station: Knightsbridge. *'Phone: Kens.* 5100.

THE NEW "CORSLO"

To achieve the most fashionable figure effect of absolutely natural suppleness is the aim of the new "Corslo." Only two of the central and short bones are introduced into the cleverly cut Crêpe de Chine, Tricot or Satin, and it does the combined duty of bodice, corset and hip belt, moulding and at the same time supporting the bust, and giving a long graceful line to the waist and hips, and kept into position by two sets of suspenders. First and foremost the "Corslo" is for the slender woman's wear with the most fashionable day and evening gowns and dance dresses, while as absolute freedom for every movement is essential to the success and enjoyment of tennis and golf, etc. it is a necessity and a boon to the sportswoman, incidentally it should be included in every Trousseau or Tropical Outfit.

THE NEW "CORSLO" BELT AND BUST BODICE COMBINED (as sketch) in Pink or White cotton Tricot, buttoned at back, two bones in front can be removed for washing, two pairs of suspenders. Measurements required are: hips, bust, waist.

PRICE **42/-**

In Crepe de Chine 63/-
In silk Tricot .. .. .. 4 Gns.

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(INCORPORATED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

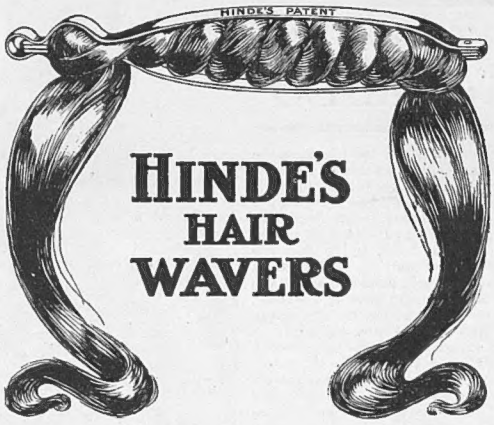
No. 2547. Glacé Kid, made also in Willow Calf.

Shoes are your silent ambassadors!

WHEN you're staying at an hotel or with friends your shoes, for cleaning, go to somebody unknown to you. But *you* are known as the owner of these shoes and their standard of quality reflects on you, favourably or otherwise. If yours are Portland Shoes you can feel a pride that others than yourself can appreciate your good taste. Ask for Portland by name at your shoe shop.

Portland
A SHOE OF QUALITY

In case of difficulty apply to
T. ROBERTS & SONS,
Portland Shoe Works, LEICESTER.



HINDE'S HAIR WAVERS

" Nature alone won't wave the Hair,
Hinde's Wavers, too, must do their share."

Hinde's Hair Wavers in different patterns are obtainable at all Stores, Hairdressers and Drapery Houses. Crude imitations which are hurtful to the hair may be sometimes offered. It is necessary to see that the name "Hinde's" is on each article.

Hinde's Limited, Manufacturers of Hair Brushes and articles for the Dressing Table, 1, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C., and Metropolitan Works, Birmingham.

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' TATCHO-TONE FOR GREY HAIR.

TATCHO-TONE (ally of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho the hair-grower) should be used to touch up the first grey hairs—just comb Tatcho-tone through. The hair remains bright and washable. Tatcho-tone restores only the true shade. Highest medical certificate with each bottle. Chemists and Stores, **4/6**. Trial phial for colour post free **8**d.

Geo. R. Sims Co., 5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

WONDERFUL VALUE IN CRÊPE DE CHINE PRINCESS PETTICOATS

WE have now in stock a very large assortment of inexpensive crêpe de Chine Princess Petticoats, all of which are made in our own workrooms. The garment illustrated is a typical example.

Catalogue post free.

Inexpensive **PRINCESS PETTICOAT** (as sketch) in good quality crêpe de Chine, made by our own workers. The skirt is trimmed with groups of tiny tucks, and hemstitching at waist in points.

In Sky, Lemon, Ivory, Pink, Cerise, Black.

PRICE **29/6**

In good quality Japanese Silk. Price **29/6**.

In outsizes. Price **32/6.**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval

"TRITEX" SILK-STOCKINGS

With 15 years' reputation, and still the best. All colours Price reduced to 8/11. Agents—best shops in each town. There is none "just as good"; then insist on Tritex (in the yellow box).

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., ENGLAND,
47 & 48, Berners Street, W.1.

PIVER CONCENTRATED PERFUMES

For your Handbag Madam

AZUREA
POMPEIA
FLORAMYE
Le Trèfle Incarnat

10/6

AT ALL PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, DRAPERS & STORES

L·T·PIVER PARIS

Attractiveness is the touchstone of popularity

A slim girlish figure is yours to-day, and your attractiveness goes unquestioned. But the figure you will have in later years depends on the corset you wear now.

"My Lady" Corsets are specially designed on a simple health principle to give your figure the support it needs without uncomfortable restriction of any kind—and so gently mould it to a permanent slimness.

There is a "My Lady" Corset to suit every type of figure.

Prices : ***6/6 to 2 Gns.***

"My Lady" Corsets have been awarded Diploma of the Institute of Hygiene.

"My Lady" REG.

"My Lady" Corsets are on sale at most high-class drapers. If you have any difficulty write for the "My Lady" Brochure, and ask for name of nearest agent.

Waterhouse Reynolds & Co Ltd. Leicester

D. H. EVANS & Co., Ltd.

Reliable Stockings.

Fit Well—Look Well—Wear Well.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.

No. 482 BK.—BROAD RIBBED CASHMERE HOSE. Plain Tops, extra Spliced Feet, very reliable quality. In Black, Tan, Silver, Suede, Grey, White Toney, Mole. Price **4/11½**

Also with Seamless Feet, with Plain Tops. In Black, Brown, Nigger, Suede, Coating, Pearl, Mole, Silver. Price **3/11½**

No. 465 BK. FANCY CHECK GOLF HOSE. With Grey and Brown Ground with Checks in a variety of Contrasting Colours, such as Fawn, Grey, Tan, etc. Price **12/6**

No. 462 BK. — FRENCH SILK HOSE, with Lisle Tops and Feet, Spliced Heels and Toes, Open Clocks. In Black, White, Beige, Silver, Lilac, Brown, Navy, Nil. Price **9/11**

Also better quality in All Silk. In Putty, Greys, Browns, Black and White. Price **16/11**

Carriage Paid on all Drapery Orders over 2/6 in Value.

290 to 322, Oxford St., London, W.

This Company has no connection with any other business trading under the name of EVANS.

FASHIONABLE CHIFFON VELVET HOUSE COATS FOR AFTERNOON WEAR

This charming House Coat has been specially designed for present wear, and is made by our own workers from rich quality silk chiffon velvet. It is cut on becoming lines, and is particularly suitable for afternoon wear.

FASHIONABLE HOUSE COAT (as sketch) in rich quality silk chiffon velvet, lined throughout with chiffon, the long fronts cut to form a wide revers, new wide sleeves trimmed with bands of rucked velvet, and the bottom of coat finished to match. In Black and fashionable colourings.

PRICE

89/6

Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.

(Cavendish Square) London.W.

WOODROW LTD
46, Piccadilly, London, W1.

8, Castle Street, Liverpool.
45, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

Branches at :
11, Market Street, Manchester.

40, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.
8, Donegall Place, Belfast.

A selection of Hats by Post on receipt of London Trade Reference or amount on deposit.

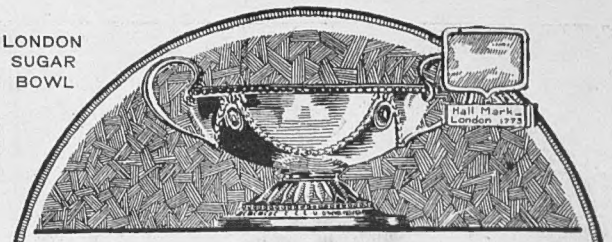
BY APPOINTMENT.

Manufacturers and Specialists in every kind of Hat for Ladies and Gentlemen

CORRECT STYLES IN SOFT FELT HATS in Grey, Dark Brown, Nut Brown and Beaver shades for the Autumn.

A VARIETY OF HELMETS AND DOUBLE TERAIS ALWAYS IN STOCK.

LONDON SUGAR BOWL



Sugar Bowl, 1773.

Old silver conveys to the eye that sense of pleasantness which is characteristic of all good things. Good things are deserving of proper care, which in the case of old silver includes discrimination in the selection of one's silver polish.

The knowledge that one's silver will always carry its full measure of charm continues to make

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

the choice of the discriminating purchaser.

RECKITT & SONS, LTD.,
HULL & LONDON.

Silvo is guaranteed non-injurious. Use it with an old soft cloth.

ATTRACTIVE LACE WOOL UNDERWEAR

WE have now in stock a large collection of Ladies' Lace Wool Underwear in various styles. A selection of these garments can be sent on approval.

Fine **LACE WOOL VESTS**, pretty all over design in white or pink. Opera shape as sketch.

Price
15/9

LACE WOOL KNICKERS to match, threaded ribbon at sides as sketch.

Price
19/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

Sent on approval.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

EXCLUSIVE MODEL HAT
FOR PRESENT WEAR

***Small Draped Toque** in Black Velvet with Fancy Brilliant Pin across front.*

4½ Gns.

This hat will be found in our Model Salon on the First Floor.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Harrods
SUPERB FURS

At Harrods you will find as rich and as varied a collection of distinctive and serviceable Fur Models as may be found anywhere in Town, and every Model bears the unmistakable impress of Harrods Quality.

The Fur Salon is on Harrods First Floor

'Harwarden'

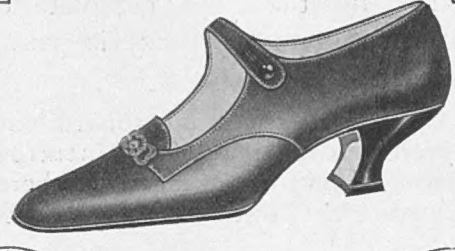
A dainty new Shoulder Wrap (*shown on left*) in Natural Nutria, trimmed with handsome Silk Fringe **47 Gns**

'Ardlin'

A useful Short Coat (*shown on right*) in Seal Coney, trimmed effectively with Beaver Coney **25 Gns**

Harrods Autumn Book sent free.

HARRODS LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE LONDON SW 1



IN Shoes for house and evening wear, as indeed in Shoes intended for any purpose, the name Lightfoot is a certain guide to satisfaction. Such Lightfoot Shoes possess all the style and distinction, and all the quality of material and of craftsmanship, that has made the firm famous for fine footwear since 1792.

The illustration shows Lightfoot No. T19, a fine black Glace Kid, one Bar Shoe with pump sole. Eminently suitable for house, afternoon and evening wear. Price 21/- Write for Name of nearest Agent.

Lightfoot SHOES FOR LADIES

JAMES SOUTHALL & CO. LTD., NORWICH 6

ELLANESS
SCOTCH UNDERWEAR
TYPICAL OF SCOTTISH EXCELLENCE

THE BEST UNDERWEAR IS SCOTCH. A glance at any of the big store advertisements or a casual look at the tickets in the foremost shop windows will confirm this. When the merchant wishes to impress his clients with the value of the underwear he sells—he adds the magic words "*Scotch Make.*"

"ELLANESS" IS THE FOREMOST OF SCOTTISH MAKES. If you buy "Ellaness" you know you are wearing one of the highest grade brands on the market. All the thoroughness of the Scottish Character, and all the proud independence of the Scottish Spirit are allied to the hereditary skill of the Scottish Weavers in the making of "Ellaness" Underwear, which is **guaranteed unshrinkable.**

"ELLANESS" is made in many styles, qualities, and sizes for every member of the family.

Any garment not proving satisfactory will be replaced

Ask to see it at all good stores, drapers, and outfitters, or write us for booklet and name of nearest Agent.

LYLE & SCOTT, LTD.
Hawick **Scotland**

Founded 1785

BY APPOINTMENT

GIEVES
LIMITED.

21 Old Bond St.
(Piccadilly End)
LONDON·W·1

THE ONE HOUSE IN
THE UNITED KINGDOM THAT
SUPPLIES EXCLUSIVELY
MEN'S
OUTFITTING REQUIREMENTS
—ALL UNDER ONE ROOF

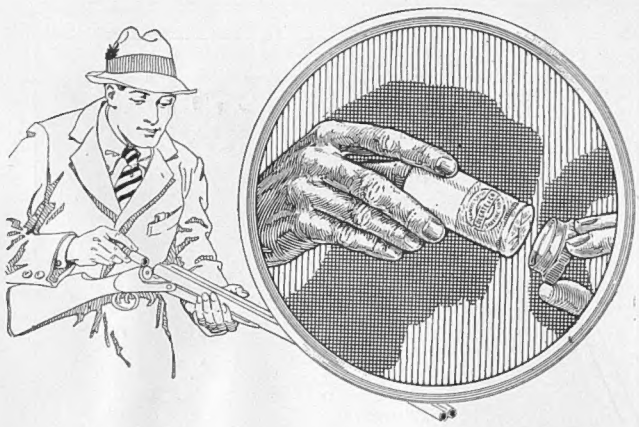
Tailoring	Hosiery	Toilet
Books	Hats	Silver Goods
Leather Goods	Boots	Photography

Branches at

EDINBURGH
118, Princes St.

PLYMOUTH
63, George St.

LIVERPOOL
14, Lord St.



Like re-charging a Gun

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Send this Coupon (or mention this paper) with your name and address, and enclose 2d. stamp to Colgate & Co., as under, and you will receive a generous trial size of Colgate's Shaving Stick free.

COLGATE & COMPANY
(Dept. S. 24), 46 Holborn Viaduct, E.C. 1

PUTTING a Colgate "Refill" Shaving Stick into the "Handy Grip" is as simple as slipping a cartridge into a gun.

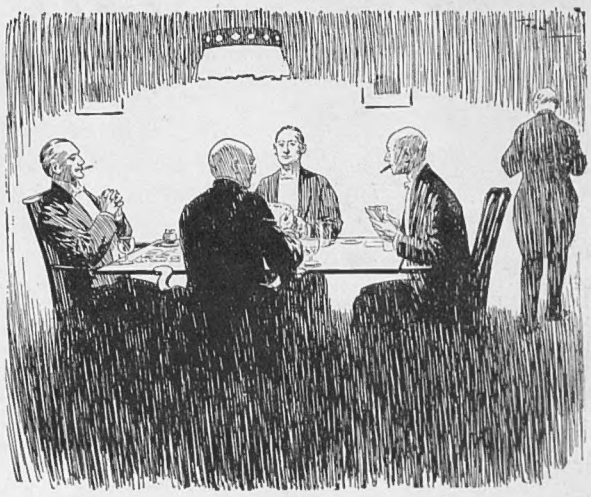
The metal "Handy Grip" and Container last for years. When you need "Refills" buy them for the price of the soap alone. The soap itself is threaded to screw into the "Handy Grip," and the small stub removed from the socket can be moistened and stuck upon the end of the "Refill."

There is no waste.

Colgate's Shaving Stick is a little more economical in use than powder, and much more economical than cream. As we make all three we can give you this impartial advice.

Price 1/3 Everywhere. Refills 1/-

COLGATE'S
HANDY GRIP
The Refill Shaving Stick



A Quiet Rubber

Impromptu Bridge at Home

A QUIET game of bridge is the pleasantest pastime for a chilly evening, whether in autumn or winter. A match to the Gas Fire and a comfortably warm room for the evening is immediately assured; there need be no disturbance of the peace by the players or the servants through making up the fire; complete concentration upon the game is possible.

Above all there are no preparations needed and no expense incurred beforehand; next morning there is no extra work for the maids.

If the room is available and a modern open Gas Fire fixed, the head of the house can arrange a little party at home by telephone at a moment's notice without fear of upsetting any domestic plans and can offer his intimates something better than "a little game at the club."

All who value convenience, comfort, health and beauty in their homes should write for illustrated brochure No. 85.

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION
30 GROSVENOR GARDENS, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

CLARK'S 'ANCHOR' THREADS, with their silky sheen, smoothness, tensile strength and wide choice of unfading colours commend themselves for every kind of Washable Embroidery as well as for Knitting Jumpers, Scarves, etc. Experienced workers prefer them, and, with them, beginners quickly attain proficiency. "ANCHOR" Threads are sold by Drapers and Art Depôts everywhere, together with transfers, patterns and instruction leaflets.

Clark's 'ANCHOR' Threads are seven in number :

COTON A BRODER	VELVENO
STRANDED COTTON	FLOX
FILOSHEEN	FIL D'ECOSSE

FLOSS EMBROIDERY

All made by

CLARK & CO LTD

PAISLEY

TRADE MARK

RELIABLE

FURS

All our Furs are of sound and reliable quality. We do not stock cheap or "showy" Furs because we know that in the long run they are bound to cause trouble and annoyance to customers. Our prices are absolutely the lowest compatible with the quality of the skins employed The shape, style and workmanship are in every case excellent

NEW SHORT FUR COAT (as sketch) worked from deeply furred high-grade French Seal Dyed coney skins, with collar, cuffs and flounce of mole-dyed coney; lined good quality brocaded silk.

SPECIAL PRICE

35 Gns.

Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.

WILKINSON

Safety Shaver

All the advantages of a full Hollow Ground Razor in a Safety Shaver.

The **Hollow Ground Blades,** together with Adjustable Head of Shaver Holder; the Roller Guard; and a Patent Automatic Stropping Machine, to keep the blades in perfect order; give that delightful velvety shave that is so seldom attained with a Safety Razor.

Hollow Ground Hand Forged from the famous Wilkinson Sword Steel **or Solid Blades**

The set comprising 7 **Hollow Ground Blades,** adjustable Shaver Holder, Patent Automatic Stropping Machine and Setting Handle, complete in Walnut Case **42/-**

The Set as above with 3 **Hollow Ground Blades** **25/-**

Sets with Solid Flades, 40/- and 25/-

SOLD EVERYWHERE

The WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD., 53 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Gun, Sword & Equipment Makers. *Razor Manufacturers.*

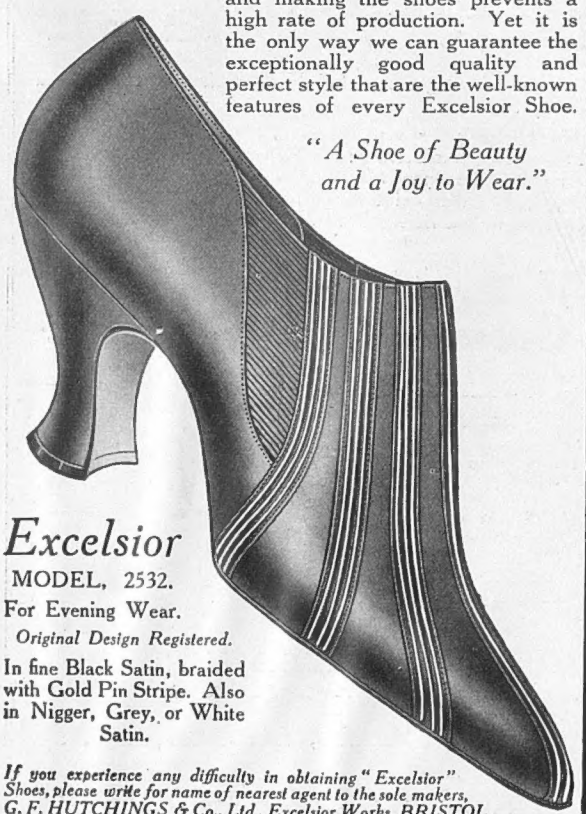
T. H. RANDOLPH, Managing Director. Works: ACTON, W.4.

Excelsior
SEMI SPORTS MODEL, 2915.
Made in Beaver, Beige, Nigger, Grey, Doeskin. Also in Willow or Box Calf.
Good substance Welted Sole.

Excelsior Shoes *for Ladies*

Good shoes are comparatively scarce. We could not flood the market with Excelsior Shoes even if we wished to do so. The difficulty of securing adequate supplies of selected skins, free from the slightest blemish, and the meticulous care we take in cutting and making the shoes prevents a high rate of production. Yet it is the only way we can guarantee the exceptionally good quality and perfect style that are the well-known features of every Excelsior Shoe.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."



Excelsior
MODEL, 2532.
For Evening Wear.
Original Design Registered.
In fine Black Satin, braided with Gold Pin Stripe. Also in Nigger, Grey, or White Satin.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining "Excelsior" Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL

Miss Ivy Tresmand wearing her "L.B." Velour. Photo by Arbuthnot.

Model 728.
Made in Light Grey, Dark Grey, Mole, Champagne, Putty, String, Copper, Brown, Bronze, Saxe, etc.
3 Gns.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

Agents throughout the Kingdom. Selection on approval from:
LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON

Grant's

"STAND FAST"
ALSO GRANT'S "LIQUEUR" SCOTCH AND GRANT'S "BEST PROCURABLE"

WM. GRANT & SONS Ltd., *Distillers*. Contractors to H.M. Government.
Sole Proprietors—The Glenfiddich and Balvenie Glenlivet Distilleries
EXPORT OFFICE: 16 CARLTON PLACE, GLASGOW.
London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch: Messrs HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd., WINE MERCHANTS TO H.M. THE KING, 153 REGENT STREET, W.1.

By Appointment
ESTABLISHED 1766.

IVORY SILK
CREPE DE CHINE
BLOUSE

BA 36.

with the Peter Pan collar and black Moire ribbon bow. The pleats down the front and the link double cuffs are smart features that become this appealing "Walpole" model immensely. The Crepe de Chine is very rich, whilst the sound value is assured by our reputation for good quality. Sizes: 42/13½, 44/14, 46/14½, 48/15. **39/6**

This model can be also made in Jap Spun Silk for **25/9**

WE PAY CARRIAGE on all orders in the British Isles.
A selection can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer, kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of goods the amount forwarded will be refunded.

WALPOLES
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD
89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8.
175-176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

Among the Stetson styles stocked by most hatters are shapes particularly suitable to meet the requirements of the more conservative.

You are sure to see Stetson Hats wherever well-dressed gentlemen congregate.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, U.S.A.
Office and Showrooms (wholesale)
70, New Bond Street, London, W. 1

STETSON HATS

D. 920

An open stitch Alpaca Wool Jumper as sketch, stocked in all shades with short or long sleeves. - **3** gns.

This Stylish Coat is knitted from the finest quality Artificial Silk in a large variety of smart colours. **5½** gns.

At Jay's Ltd. will be found all the really new styles in Sports Coats, including the best French models, fashioned in the latest fancy stitchings in the most attractive of Autumn colourings.

Jay's Ltd.
REGENT STREET
W.1.

BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING REBUILDING.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3

DAINTY AND EXCLUSIVE UNDERWEAR

No. 1. Cami-Knicker, as sketch, made in rich quality Crepe de Chine, with exclusive embroidery in a very handsome design of broderie Anglaise, the waist is outlined with a fold of own material put on by hand, bar stitch. In Pink, Lemon, and Blue only **59/6**

No. 2. Charming Nightdress made by our own workers in either triple Ninon or superfine silk voile. Graceful shape which is easily laundered. Trimmed with a Mecklin Lace edging of a very dainty leaf design, tucks and ribbon sash at waist. In Ivory, Sky, Pink, Helio, Lemon. **39/6**

Hair Bands, as sketch, for keeping the hair in place, from **15/11**

No. 3. Charming Milanese set of Chemise and Knicker made of Pure Silk Milanese trimmed with real filet lace hemstitching and hand embroidery in a very dainty design. In Ivory, Pink, Sky, Mauve, Lemon or Black.

Chemise, **25/-** Knickers, **29/6**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.

Old Father Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get his old crony a drink;
He brought from there, with a satisfied air,
A bottle of — *what do you think?*

Greer's O.V.H SCOTCH WHISKY

of course — See that you always have a supply handy

WM. GREER & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, GLASGOW.

London Office: 35, Trinity Square, E.C 3. ℗2

VIA NEWHAVEN & DIEPPE.

TWO EXPRESS SERVICES DAILY
From Victoria (Brighton Railway) 10.0 a.m. and 8.20 p.m.

PARIS, RIVIERA,

and all parts of France;

SWITZERLAND, ITALY.

Spain, Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco Mediterranean, etc.

24 TO 25-KNOT STEAMERS CROSSING CHANNEL IN 2¾ HOURS.

Through carriages Dieppe and Paris-Lyon.

Details of Continental Traffic Agent, Brighton Railway, Victoria, S.W.1

Straight from the Scottish Highlands

When you purchase your Harris Tweed direct from Highland Home Industries Ltd., you are sure of getting the genuine hand-spun, hand-woven article. Sutherland and Shetland Tweeds also stocked.

Gairloch Stockings, handknitted in exclusive designs in the West Highlands. Orders taken. Any colours blended.

Our illustrated catalogue fully describes the industries of the Highland Folk. It will be sent to you on receipt of a p.c. addressed to Dept. B.

HIGHLAND HOME INDUSTRIES Ltd
111 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH

The Home Beautiful

Telegrams: "Greatly" London.

FABRICS FOR AUTUMN CURTAINS

Telephones: Battersea 300 4 lines.

NEW Ideas. New Designs and the best of materials at moderate prices will always be found in the Fabric Department of Williamson & Coles.

THE "BEAUFORT" CHAIR

Well Upholstered Comfortable Chair. As illustration,

£3 19 6

Many other models are on view at Williamson & Cole's Galleries.

THE "BEAUFORT" CHAIR.

Write for "THE HOME BEAUTIFUL," Williamson & Cole's famous book on Artistic furnishing, richly illustrated in colour.

FABRICS AT SPECIAL PRICES.

TAPESTRIES in good qualities and colourings at greatly reduced prices, varying from 4/11 to 18/11 per yd. **RICH CORD VELOUR** in many shades, 8/9 per yd., 50 ins. wide. **SATIN CLOTHS, REPS AND DAMASKS** from 5/11 per yd., 50 ins. wide. **PLUSHETTE.** Reversible. Heavy-quality roll pile, 4/11½ per yd., 50 ins. wide. **ART SERGE** in a good range of colours from 1/11½ per yd., 50 ins. wide. **CRETONNES** in large variety from 1/0¾ to 12/11 per yd. **SHADOW TISSUES. PRINTED LINENS AND TAFFETAS.** from 2/10½ to 18/11 per yd. **CASEMENT CLOTHS** in various colourings and qualities from 10¾d. per yd

PATTERNS POST FREE.

Williamson & Cole LTD

HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.4.

LITTLE BOYS'

SUITS

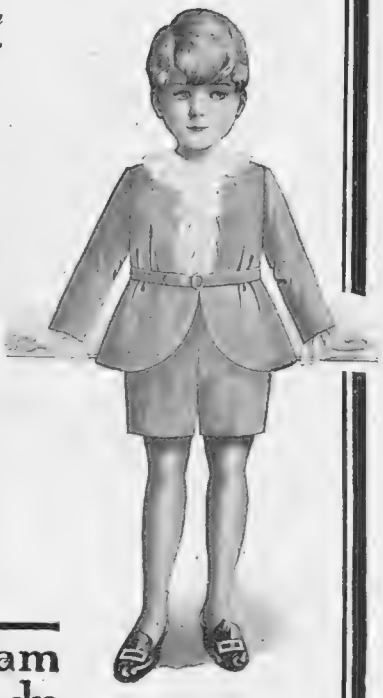
of Exclusive Design

Our Children's Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and we have a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all our productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and made on the premises by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

SMART SUIT (as sketch) for little boy, suitable for party or dancing class wear. Made in navy faille silk with ruffles in ivory georgette and belt fastened with gilt buckle.

	Price
Size for 2 years ..	**79/6**
„ 3 „ ..	**84/-**
„ 4 „ ..	**89/6**

This model can also be copied in mastic faille silk for the same price.



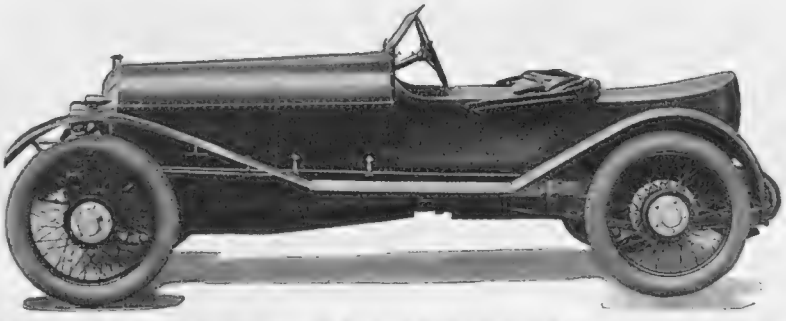
Debenham & Freebody

(INCORPORATED LIMITED)

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London. W.

Catalogue post free.

For specification and full details of this and the other models write for fully illustrated and descriptive Catalogue



STAND No. 8 WHITE CITY

THE HERBERT ENGINEERING CO., LTD.

have pleasure in announcing their

NEW 2-LITRE MODEL

PRICE £450 COMPLETE

WHICH IS ON VIEW AT THE WHITE CITY EXHIBITION

CURRENT PRICE LIST.

	£	s.	d.
14-40 h.p. H.E. Sports Model Chassis, complete with all lamps, electric horn, spare wheel and tyre, instrument board, speedometer and revolution counter	£550	0	0
14-40 h.p. H.E. 2-Seater Sports Model	£700	0	0
14-40 h.p. H.E. 4-Seater Sports Model	£750	0	0
14-20 h.p. H.E. Chassis, complete with all lamps, electric horn, spare wheel and tyre, instrument board, speedometer, clock and tools	£450	0	0
14-20 h.p. H.E. 2-Seater Standard Model	£600	0	0
14-20 h.p. H.E. 4-Seater Standard Model	£650	0	0
14-20 h.p. H.E. All Weather Model	£750	0	0
14-20 h.p. H.E. Saloon Coupé	£750	0	0
14-20 h.p. H.E. Coupé Model	£800	0	0
14-20 h.p. Coupé de Luxe	£850	0	0
14-20 h.p. H.E. Saloon	£850	0	0
14-20 h.p. H.E. Landaulette	£900	0	0

Facilities afforded for taking your existing car in part payment. Deferred payments can be arranged.

The HERBERT ENGINEERING Company Ltd

Wolsey Road, Caversham

READING

Telegrams HYRBENGIN · Reading.

Telephone 1254 READING.

¶ A box of Charbonnel & Walker Chocolates is by far the most acceptable of all Christmas Presents. The recipient knows he or she has received what are Universally Proclaimed the finest chocolates in the world.

¶ Every chocolate is numbered underneath and a key list is enclosed in the box which describes each particular chocolate. This scheme is unique.

¶ Each individual chocolate is made and packed on the premises, therefore capacity is limited.

¶ For a number of years Charbonnel & Walker have had reluctantly to refuse orders for several days previous to Christmas, hence the necessity for this advertisement.

¶ This is not a case of seeking more business, but an honest endeavour to avoid disappointment to our clients. Send for price lists now and order early.

¶ Remember Charbonnel & Walker Chocolates cannot become stale, and condition is guaranteed upon arrival either at home or abroad.

CHARBONNEL & WALKER
31, OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

1806

A gift that cannot fail to please——

You may not know her preference in other perfumes, but all women and most men like *Eau de Cologne*. You would give none other than the best, and the best is still the original JEAN MARIE FARINA.

French in origin, French in name, this genuine old-original *Eau de Cologne* is made from French ingredients exclusively by Roger and Gallet in Paris, exactly as it was made over a century ago.

1 oz. size 2/9, 2 oz. 4/6, 4 oz. 8/6, 8 oz. 16/6. From all high-class Stores, Drapers, Hairdressers and Chemists. Complete Roger & Gallet Price List on application.

Roger & Gallet

SEND FOR MINIATURE BOX

You will best appreciate the Specialities of Roger & Gallet by sending for their miniature sample box of Fleurs d'Amour Perfume and Powder, Eau de Cologne, etc. Enclose 1/- P.O. to Roger and Gallet (London) Ltd. Dept. 8, 14, Poland Street, W. 1.

©C3

BY APPOINTMENT SINCE 1848

"Take a peg of John Begg!"

John Begg Ltd.

64 WATERLOO ST: GLASGOW
106 FENCHURCH ST. LONDON E.C.3

PROPRIETORS OF THE
ROYAL LOCHNAGAR DISTILLERY
BALMORAL SCOTLAND

All the Royal Palaces supplied for over SEVENTY years

HAIR
neat and tidy

Every man who takes a real pride in his appearance uses Anzora for his hair because he knows how neat and tidy it will remain all day. Anzora Cream for greasy scalps, and Anzora Viola for dry scalps. Sold everywhere in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles.

On all occasions use Anzora—
Refuse substitutes.

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6.

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

C 79 C 80 C 81 C 82

PETER ROBINSON'S

Everything for Everybody's Wear

C 79. Beaded Georgette TUNIC ready for wear over any foundation. Black, Navy or Brown, with steel beads **4 Gns.**
In all Black - - - - - **3½ Gns.**

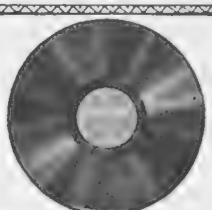
C 80. Beaded COATEE in Crêpe-de-Chine or Georgette for day or evening wear. In all Black - - - - - **65/-**
Also Black, embroidered with steel beads, **75/-**

C 81. Crêpe-de-Chine SHAWL in Black, Ivory and Evening shades. (38 in. square, excluding Fringe) - - **25/-**

C 82. Black Crêpe-de-Chine and lace COATEE, with jet buckle, for afternoon or dinner wear. Specially designed for any figure - - - - **55/-**

Peter Robinson, Ltd.,
Oxford St. & Regent St., W.1.

The Columbia Grafonola



Columbia Records -

—the most perfect made. The Master Musicians series includes Exclusive records by Dame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Sir Henry J. Wood and New Queen's Hall Orchestra, the Halle Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, New Queen's Hall Light Orchestra, Pachmann, Busoni, Stralia, Dora Labbette, Frank Mullings Hubert Eisdell, Arthur Jordan, Norman Allin, &c.

Ask to Hear the LATEST DANCES ON COLUMBIA.

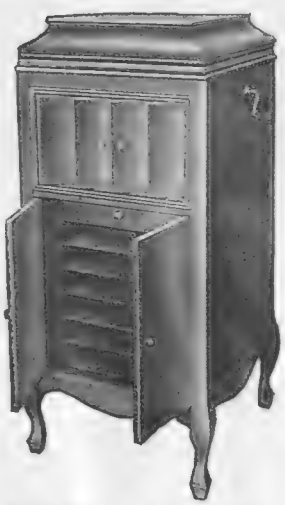
The Perfect Gramophone.

THERE is no finer gramophone value than in the Columbia. The standard for over 25 years of perfect music reproduction, for varied entertainment and pleasure in the home, and is equipped with a wonderful motor unit that ensures a lifetime of music. There is a model for every home.

The COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA is made in various artistic styles from £5 5s. to £65. Cabinet models from £30. On sale at all Music Sellers and Stores. Ask to see the Columbia Motor and compare.

Illustrated Catalogue of Instruments and Records post free on application to COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Columbia Grafonola



When buying a gramophone, LOOK AT THE MOTOR.

The Motor of a gramophone is as the engine to a car—the vital part. And the motor in a Columbia Grafonola is the finest in any gramophone—an engineering unit with a reserve of power ensuring complete control and, most important of all, holding the record speed absolutely true to pitch. Ask to see the Columbia motor and compare.

Above is shown Columbia No. 27 model, typical of Columbia values. Solid Mahogany, beautifully finished. Fitted Triple-Spring Motor Unit. Height 43 ins., width 19½ ins. An incomparable musical instrument.

WINTER IN SWITZERLAND

ADELBODEN
ANDERMATT
AROSA
CAUX
CHAMPERY
CHATEAU D'OEX
CHESIERES
CELERINA
DIABLERETS
DAVOS PLATZ
ENGELBERG
GRIESALP
GRIMMIALP
GRINDELWALD
GSTAAD
KLOSTERS
LENK
LENZERHEIDE
LE PONT
LES AVANTS

Photo E. Gyger

LOECHE-LES-BAINS
MURREN
MONTANA-VERMALA
MORGINS
MALOJA
MONT PELERIN
MONT SOLEIL
PONTRESINA
PARPAN
SAANEN
ST. CERGUE
SAANENMOSER
ST. MORITZ
SAMADEN
STE. CROIX-LES RASSES
VILLARS
WENGEN
ZUOZ
ZWEISIMMEN

ETC.

Intending visitors to Switzerland for the Winter Sports can obtain all information from the SWISS FEDERAL RAILWAYS, Carlton House, 11b, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Illustrated Booklets, Time Tables, Fare Lists, etc., free on application.

WINTER SPORTS

AT

MONT REVARD

(5,070 feet)

Aix-les-Bains, Savoy, France

Incomparable Ski-ing country.
Runs eleven miles long

MOST COMFORTABLE HOTEL

En pension { *Minimum,* **8/6** *per day*
Maximum, **15/-** „

Arrangements may be made through the Office Francaise de Tourisme 56, Haymarket, London

Tickets through the Agency of the P.L.M. Railway Company, 79, Piccadilly, or Thos. Cook & Son, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4

CHAMONIX-MONT-BLANC,

(Haute-Savoie), FRANCE.

12 Hours from Paris. *Express Trains.*

THE CHIEF WINTER SPORTS RESORT OF FRANCE

French Championships and International Tournaments for Skating, Hockey, Curling, Luging and Bob-sleighing.

NUMEROUS HOTELS.

For all information apply to COMITÉ des SPORTS, CHAMONIX.

WINTER SPORTS

AT **CHAMONIX**

MONT-BLANC, FRANCE.

THE MAJESTIC

NEAR TO ALL THE RUNS

Most reasonable terms for highest comfort.

The Bystander, November 8, 1922 No. 988. Vol. LXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

"WINTER HAS COME!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
M. GEORGES BERR (Sociétaire de la Comédie Française) & CO., in one act play, "GRINGOIRE," by Theodore de Banville, & ALL STAR VARIETY CO.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 2645 & 8886) THE ISLAND KING.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATS., WEDS & SATS. at 2.15
W. H. BERRY, Nancie Lovat, Dorothy Shale, Louie Pounds, Peter Gawthorne, C. M. Lowne, George Bishop, Alfred Clark.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
Evenings at 8.15 Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Phyllis Dare, Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman.

GAIETY. Ger. 2780). JOSÉ COLLINS
in "THE LAST WALTZ" by Oscar Straus.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINÉES, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722) Mgr. MARIE LOHR. (Last Week).
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.
MARIE LÖHR in
"THE RETURN."

LYRIC. Evenings at 8.15. Mats., WED. & Sat. at 2.15.
"WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS"
Billy Merson, Derek Oldham, Tom Walls, Winnie Melville, Mai Bacon.

PRINCE OF WALES. (Ger. 7482).
Evenings at 8.30. Mats. Mon, Wed. & Sat, at 2.30
RETURN OF
THE CO-OPTIMISTS, (5th Programme).

ST. JAMES'S. Sole Lessee, GILBERT MILLER.
Nightly at 8.
"THE BEATING ON THE DOOR."
ARTHUR WONTNER. DORIS LLOYD.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, under 1lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

LLOYD LOOM
WOVEN FURNITURE

NEITHER CANE NOR WICKER—SUPERIOR TO EITHER

THIS charming innovation combines all the essentials of the home; hygiene, comfort and artistic appearance.

A distinct advantage over wicker furniture is to be found in its silk-like appearance, the fact that it is impervious alike to dirt or damp, and is unaffected by heat. At the same time it possesses that elastic quality which gives comfort yet does not creak during or after use.

Attractive designs combined with any colour scheme desired has made these goods popular wherever artistic furnishing has been studied.

Specimens of 'Lloyd Loom' at attractive prices can be viewed at any good store. If any difficulty in obtaining, write for name of nearest agent to—

W. LUSTY & SONS, Bromley-by-Bow, London, E.3.

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free).
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON S.W.3.
The only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER.
Entirely supported by voluntary contributions.
DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.
Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand, W.C.
Secretary:—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C.B.E.

(Canton des Grisons)
DAVOS-PLATZ (Switzerland)
GRAND HOTEL and BELVEDERE
THE LEADING ENGLISH HOTEL.
200 Beds. Open all the Year.
Own Curling Rink. Winter Sport.
CH. ELSENER, Manager.

MEGEVE NEAR CHAMONIX.
(HTE SAVOIE)
THE IDEAL FRENCH WINTER SPORTS RESORT.
HOTEL DU MONT D'ARBOIS
FIRST CLASS. LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

WINTER SEASON DEC. 15—MARCH 15
SUMMER SEASON JUNE 15—SEPT. 15
1,600 metres Skating Rink. Ski-ing—Bobsleighs and Luges.
Nearest Station: SALLANCHES, P.L.M.
Motor Sleigh Service.
Telegrams—MONDARBOIS, MEGEVE. Tel. No. 3.

Your Hair will look Better, will be more beautiful, longer and finer by using
ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL
It will keep your Children's Hair always in good condition; Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sizes: **3/6, 7/-, 10/6.**

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR
Soothes, Preserves and Beautifies the Skin, prevents Irritation and Cutaneous Defects, and is warranted harmless, in **2/6** and **5/-** bottles. Sold by Stores, Chemists and **ROWLAND'S,** 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1

Here We Are Again!

HULLO! Hullo! Hullo! Here we are again, in the thick of a General Election, with all its mimic enthusiasm and its mimic hates. Dear me, how we *do* hate one another, to be sure—until dinner-time. And how thrilled we are with the local stalwarts—until dinner-time. We can't let mimic warfare obtrude between the soup and the savoury. That would be taking politics much too seriously.

A New-Old Jingle

GOD bless the Right—in all its varied phases.
God bless the Right—and send the rest to blazes.
But who is right—the Liberal or the Tory?—
God bless us all! That's *quite* another story.

Our Toy Balloons

AND so, we hit each other over the head with our toy balloons. Some of the toy balloons are red and some are blue and some are yellow; but it is so long since we played the jolly game in real earnest that the colours have got a bit mixed. Never mind, we shall soon get back into our stride again, and hate each other as strenuously as of yore. For in politics, as in the greater game of life, it is still true that:

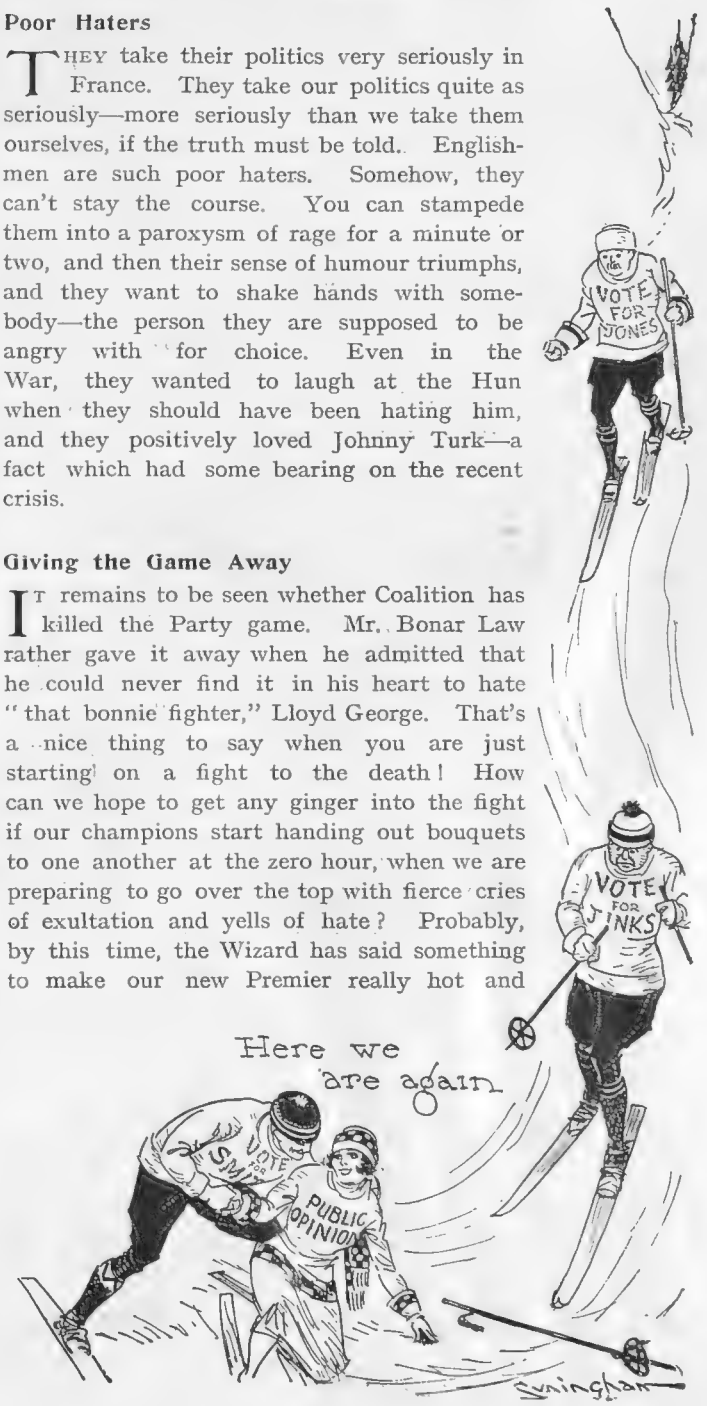
Each one hates the one he loves
From nine o'clock till seven,
And each one loves the one he hates
From eight until eleven.
The moral of this simple rhyme:
Heaven be praised for dinner-time.

Poor Haters

THEY take their politics very seriously in France. They take our politics quite as seriously—more seriously than we take them ourselves, if the truth must be told. Englishmen are such poor haters. Somehow, they can't stay the course. You can stampede them into a paroxysm of rage for a minute or two, and then their sense of humour triumphs, and they want to shake hands with somebody—the person they are supposed to be angry with for choice. Even in the War, they wanted to laugh at the Hun when they should have been hating him, and they positively loved Johnny Turk—a fact which had some bearing on the recent crisis.

Giving the Game Away

IT remains to be seen whether Coalition has killed the Party game. Mr. Bonar Law rather gave it away when he admitted that he could never find it in his heart to hate "that bonnie fighter," Lloyd George. That's a nice thing to say when you are just starting on a fight to the death! How can we hope to get any ginger into the fight if our champions start handing out bouquets to one another at the zero hour, when we are preparing to go over the top with fierce cries of exultation and yells of hate? Probably, by this time, the Wizard has said something to make our new Premier really hot and



BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

bothered. "Honest to the verge of simplicity" was a good effort, but it seems to have missed its mark!

Caustic Captions

EVERYTHING considered, I'm afraid it's hopeless to expect to get much hate into this election. There will be a preliminary sparring between the Conservatives and the Labour Party, but nothing more serious than you would hear in Billingsgate or Covent Garden any bright November morning. "Socialism is the red route to ruin" has a ring about it that rather pleases me, and I was rather braced when I first came upon the hectic statement and appeal, "The Socialists ask for a blank cheque; give them a check." But I feel sure we could do better than that if we had a little more time. With Mr. McKenna supporting Mr. Bonar Law, things are still a trifle mixed. We must take a little breathing time, and *then* we'll show 'em!

"HENDERSONSKI" By W. F. Blood

Pagett, M.P.

I DISCOVERED during a recent trip to Paris that Pagett, M.P., is not dead. Even the heat of India didn't kill him. Neither does the frosty reception he gets in the English quarter of the French capital. Pagett, M.P., is the sort of person whose mission in life it is to let down the Englishman abroad. The Parisian Pagetts toady to the extremists in Press and political circles. They agree with everything that is said to them—that Lloyd George has ruined France and that Albion is perfidious. Pagett, M.P., agrees to all these misconceptions, just as he did in India in the old days, and then he skips off home when the hornets begin to buzz. The English colony should deal with Pagett—unofficially, of course.

Prize Fight Pacifists

I BELIEVE that Primitive Methodists are quite nice people, but when they talk of petitioning the Home Office to suppress "prize fighting," they are getting just a little *too* primitive. Never was there a time when muscular Christianity was in greater demand, and the popularity of that excellent sketch, "The Fighting Parson," proved how people will respond to this sort of doctrine. An effeminate religion that squirms at a black eye, honestly obtained, will cut very little ice to-day. We were getting very soft and flabby before the War, but, thank goodness, our young manhood has been stiffened up, and the revival of interest in boxing is one of the best signs of our times.

The Sporting Parson

THE greatest handicap with which the church has to contend is the appeal made by the priesthood to the non-sporting type. What a pity! Every time you meet a sporting priest, you meet a man with a following of men, exerting a wonderful influence over a wide sphere. When you meet the "girly" type, you find yourself in a stifling atmosphere of old ladies, pet dogs and charity bazaars. In justice to the church it must be admitted that the manly men are the ones who come out at the top, as witness that excellent good fellow, the Archbishop of York, who won his spurs so splendidly in the old Stepney days. So no more talk about suppressing our good old English sports, if you please.

A Modern Classic

STRANGE how some books seem to recede into a past of dead rose-leaves and lavender even while their authors are still with us. A friend of mine was startled to see from an advertisement that Mrs. Hodgson Burnett had a new novel with Heinemann. "But that's the woman who wrote *Little Lord Fauntleroy!*" exclaimed my friend. Apparently, he thought that *Little Lord Fauntleroy* dated back to the pre-Dickens period, whereas it was written as lately as 1886. The reason is that Fauntleroy has become a classic, and it is all wrong for an author to be so honoured during his or her lifetime.

I Pinch Myself

ANOTHER author set out to do a dramatic version of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, and found to his astonishment that questions of copyright intervened, Lewis Carroll having died comparatively recently. Personally, I can never think of Edgar Allen Poe as having existed on this planet at all.

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN" By Victor Hicks

(Unrelated, of course, to the Apocalyptic riders at the Palace Theatre)

By E. T. Reed

NO FIRE-WURRKS FOR HIM!

Andra Bonar Law (*of the old "Toxophilite Club"*): "A'm convenced that there's no public demand the noo for yon harum-scarum, flebbertigebbet kind of perrformance! What they really appreeciate is ma own style—juist roun' an' roun' the orrange—correctly coschumed, wi' a deegnified, sedate demeanourrr"

There is a quality about his work that seems to date from mediæval times, and when I think of him as a fairly modern American, I always have to pinch myself to make sure that I am awake. I can't explain it, but, in the words of the poet, there it is!

A Lovely Lyric

And, while we are dealing with "litterary" matters, what is the most lovely lyric written by a living author? Don't send me cuttings from The Bystander—we are immune from such flattery. Myself, I should plump for *Summertime on Bredon*, by A. E. Housman, who has just been pushed, blinking and all unwilling, into the limelight by reason of his beautiful *Last Poems*, fresh from the press. I am always buying copies of *A Shropshire Lad* in which "Bredon" is to be found, and I can listen to the song until the cows come home. I quote from memory:

In summertime on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Through all the shires they ring them
From steeples far and near—
A happy noise to hear.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Speaight*

SIR GEORGE GRAHAME—OUR MINISTER IN BRUSSELS

Who, rumour says—by now it may have been officially acknowledged—will succeed Lord Hardinge as our Ambassador in Paris. The actual transfer, consequent on the latter's resignation, will not take place until next year, possibly in early January. Sir George is a bachelor and a clever diplomat; in little over twenty short years he has risen from a third secretary to one of our foremost ambassadors

A Suggestion

HERE we are all plunged up to our eyes in the Election! The amount of petrol that is being used in these days with cars dashing east, west, north, and south through every constituency must represent a big item in election expenses and give great satisfaction to all the people who sell the square red tins.

I wonder which is the greater amount—the petrol or the talk? As for the talk, I wish some of the eager, helpful ladies one meets by dozens who are all off here, there, anywhere, to speak, canvass or what not, would sit down and read a report just issued by the Government. It is called "Taxes and Imposts," and is a "Return to an Order of the Honourable the House of Commons." That sounds stuffy and bluest of blue-booky, doesn't it?

But if helpful ladies and conscientious candidates who — no matter what their political party may be—don't want the country to go down some day in a big splash of raw, red ruin like Russia, would read the figures in this "return," they could put a big spoke in the wheel of the Bolshevism threatened by the Labour programme.

Photograph *Central News*

LORD HARDINGE THE GUEST OF M. MILLERAND

Just before the published announcement of Lord Hardinge's imminent resignation from the Paris Embassy he had been shooting with the French President at Rambouillet, and he is here seen awaiting a covey with his loader. Lord Hardinge will retire from public life after he leaves Paris

Everybody with any sort of fortune is threatened by the Labour suggestion of capital levy. But what nobody seems to realise is that we already have a capital levy in the shape of death duties, and that the income tax for last year produced nearly a third of the total revenue from what is called imperial taxation. If you want the figures out of the return, the revenue was over a thousand millions, and the income tax and super-tax was over three hundred millions. Add to this nearly fifty millions in death duties and over two hundred millions for excess profits, can't any able man or woman speaker prove to the constituencies that capital in every shape and form is already levied upon and taxed up to the *n*th?

It's a suggestion I make because the open threat to capital isn't politics. It means a revolution of ruin to us all—and the worst ruin and misery to the very people whose leaders advocate a graduated levy on capital on the top of all that the Government takes already in actual cash in the shape of death duties. So I would recommend those who are speaking in this Election to study the "return." If they do they will be able to show their audiences that in eleven years income tax has been multiplied ten times!

The War and the Working Man

LAST year the excise duties were, roughly, one-half of the amount taken from capital, incomes, land and houses, yet look how the Pussyfoot people howl about the "national drink bill," and the Labour Party sharpens its axe against the "bloated capitalist!"

Bless you, the taxes won't let anybody get bloated nowadays.

I know there will be heaps of folk who read their BYSTANDER who will be doing their little bit in the Election, and all of those, or most of 'em, went through the War. One thing the War taught me, and I expect it taught you, too—the absolute grit and common-sense of the British working-man.

He believes all these Labour theories, based on utterly fallacious Marxianism, although they have been proved all wrong after five years' trial in Russia, simply because the real facts have never been put before him.

So, will you who go electioneering give him the plain facts and figures out of the "return" (you can get it for 9d. from any bookseller) which has inspired this paragraph?

Capital and Labour are bound so closely together that if Capital sinks Labour sinks, too. But Labour has to be shown why and how they both will sink. So far as I know, nobody has ever taken the trouble to give the working-man exact figures — candidates and their supporters prattle in generalities which mean nothing. For this reason your Bystander ventures the suggestion to those who have thrown themselves into the

Photograph *Keystone*

H.R.H. WITH THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAG

The Prince of Wales lunched with the Household Brigade Drag last week before their first run, and afterwards had a fast and rainy ride in the wonderful Hawthorn Hill country, which gives you the finest training if you want to be in the first three when the point-to-point races come around. At practically every hedge the Prince took, there was a small battery of photographers, and he came through without a toss!

fight, and begs them to show the working-classes the amount that capital already pays to the revenues of the country. Personally, I've never made a political speech in my life, but if I began now I could talk for hours on the figures in this "Return to an Order of the Honourable House of Commons."

Clothes and the Candidate's Wife

THE wife of an ex-M.P. gave me startling information over a cup of tea and a buttered muffin on Sunday. She told me that the clothes of a candidate's wife played an important part in an election. Her husband has fought so many that she ought to know. At any rate, she had the most definite opinion as to what a candidate's wife should and should not wear.

Expensive furs, elaborate dresses or hats, and jewellery, she declared, created a feeling of hostility amongst women at meetings in poor quarters of a constituency, and they communicated this hostility to their husbands—a double-barrelled matter now that women have the vote. On the other hand, dowdiness ought to be avoided, as the same people who were roused to envy—and uncharitableness in votes—by a display of fine feathers, resented Spartan attire on the ground, "She thinks any old rags are good enough for the likes of us."

"You must dress to the constituency," said the lady, "and avoid anything that is extreme in fashion or looks 'rich.' If I were a dressmaker I would invent 'Suitable dresses for candidates' wives during an election.' In a manufacturing constituency you can't be too careful. You are between two envies—the envy of the poor woman who can't spend in a whole year what she sees at a glance you have spent on one frock, and the envy of the woman who can probably afford to pay far more than you can for her clothes but doesn't have them made in London. And you never know what effect envy may have. It's a difficult situation. I solved it at the last election by wearing simple black or

Photograph *Illustrations*

AT THE FIRST MEET OF THE GUILDFORD AND SHERE BEAGLES

Lady Petrie and her daughter Violet at the opening meet of the Guildford and Shere beagles. Lady Petrie, who married the present baronet in 1912, has two children, both girls, and their house, Dorincourt, Leatherhead, is in the midst of several beagle packs as well as hunts, and so meets of one sort and another are pretty frequent around and about their part of the world

Photograph *Central News*

WAITING FOR THE BIRDS

Lord Herbert Scott, with Lady Nall-Cain, on one of the drives at Sir Charles Nall-Cain's shoot in Hereford, where, with Lady Nall-Cain, he has been entertaining many week-end parties at the Node, Codicote, and where the partridge and the pheasant have been behaving comparatively well, and bags have been in "braceful" plenty

Photograph] **AT THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER TRIALS** [*Central News*

Lady Harris, Lady Alexandra Palmer, her husband, Major Llewellen Palmer, Sir Griffith Boynton and others at the Golden Retriever Trials last week

brown dresses and rabbit, when it was cold and I had to wear fur. The poorest constituency doesn't mind a candidate's Rolls-Royce, but his wife's sables and pearl necklace rouse every kind of anti-feeling you can think of."

I wonder if all this is true. As I have told you, the lady ought to know. If it is true, what a funny thing the "will of the people" really is.

"Winnie"

IT was quite a near thing, I hear, with Mr. Winston Churchill. The doctors thought at first that he was suffering from some kind of food poisoning and only made the discovery of appendicitis in the nick of time. The ex-Minister for the Colonies was taken at once to a nursing home and operated upon.

He is making a quick recovery, his friends say, entirely owing to his determination to get well. The same determination pulled him through the operation which was a severe one. He had so many visitors in the nursing-home that they couldn't find chairs sometimes for them all to sit down at once.

Our Hunting Princes

THE Prince of Wales gave enormous pleasure to the farmers whose land is the "country" of the Household Brigade Drag, at Windsor last week, when he dropped in to the luncheon given them by the officers of the Brigade.

Photograph *Illustrations*

WEDDING OF A SEAFORTH HIGHLANDER

Major Laurie, D.S.O., of the Seaforth Highlanders, and his bride Miss Vive Richardson Gardner, daughter of Colonel Richardson Gardner, after their marriage at Brompton Parish Church

There was a big meet, the first of the season, in spite of a downpour, and the Prince led the field on his Australian horse, Kinlark, which was presented to him "down under" after it had won a big steeplechase. The Prince wanted to have Kinlark trained for racing, but the fine animal has not taken over kindly to our climate, so the Prince is going to use him as a hunter instead.

The Duke of York is hunting from Pitsford, Mr. George Drummond's place, where the Prince of Wales kept his hunters until he took Easton Grey; and Prince Henry is paying a two or three weeks' visit to the Shires for the same sport. They are mighty hunters these three young men.

The Jewish Players

I EXPECT all the world will speedily be flocking to the Kingsway Theatre to see the Jewish actors, just as it flocked to see the Sicilians. The plays are in Yiddish, but just as the Sicilian dialect made no difference to the effect of Grasso's acting, so the Jewish thrill their audiences. It is fascinating to see how the actors get their effects "over" in a language that, to Gentile ears, sounds like gibberish, and you get more thrills to the hour than you did in a whole evening at the Grand Guignol. Just as it was with the Sicilians, there are moments when it is hard to believe that one is watching acting, and that what is passing on the stage is not a piece of actuality.

Photograph *Central Press*

LADY HEATHCOAT-AMORY

With Master Hugh Wake, the son of Colonel Wake, at the opening meet of the Tiverton hounds at Knightshayes Court, Tiverton, which is Sir Ian Heathcoat-Amory's Devonshire seat. Besides being Master of the pack he is also huntsman, and, knowing the country well, gives his followers first-class sport

A Brief Visit

LADY LONDONDERRY came over from Ireland just in time for her father Lord Chaplin's operation. She has been more missed than anybody during the Season, and the closed doors of Londonderry House made a gap that was felt. Lady Londonderry has only come over from Mount Stewart for ten days. At least that was her intention, but Lord Chaplin's illness may make a difference

Photograph *Topical*

LADY URSULA GROSVENOR WITH THE CHESHIRE

The eldest daughter of the Duke of Westminster at Oxheys, where the Cheshire held their second meet of the season recently, and covered a deal of ground and some good going in the search of the elusive Reynard

in her plans. She and Lord Londonderry have been in Ireland all the summer.

Lord Chaplin had just moved into Londonderry House after giving up his house in Charles Street when this illness came upon him, a serious matter at his age—eighty-two—despite his wonderful physique.

Overheard in the Servants' Hall

COOK (*to the butler who has been holding forth on how he would govern the country*): "Lor, Mr. Miggs, you're a wonder! You talk like a book—with all the pages tore out!"

Speech and the Woman

I HEAR that teachers of elocution are having the time of their lives, people flocking to them for hints on public speaking—and the majority of the flockers are women! Well, when there is going to be a great deal of talking all up and down the country, it's just as well for the people who have to listen that the talkers should have learnt to pronounce their words properly and how to use their voices. It's positively painful when women speakers shout at you, and that is what the platform amateur very often does.

A Short Tenancy

I HEAR that beautiful Parham will soon be in the market again. It was only a little while ago that Lady Zouche, like so many others suffering under the pressure of taxation which made the upkeep of the splendid old place a burden too heavy to be borne, sold it to Lord Cowdray, who gave it to his second son, the Hon. Clive Pearson. Parham's new owners, I am told, do not care about the place, so you will probably soon see its announcement for sale.

Photograph *Yevonde*

MRS. ROSS-HUME

Whose engagement to Flight-Lieut. E. R. Pretyman, youngest son of the late Major-General Sir George Tindal Pretyman, K.C.M.G., C.B., and Lady Pretyman, has been announced. Mrs. Ross-Hume is the eldest daughter of Robert and Lady Mabel Sievier

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS H. M. SYKES

The younger daughter of Mr. William Sykes, of Selden Court, Patching, Sussex, whose marriage to Mr. Ernie George Hankinson, only surviving son of the late Mr. Robert Scott Hankinson, of Little Bassett Wood, Southampton, and Mrs. Hankinson, has been announced

The Latest Restaurant

THE very latest thing in restaurants is the "Don Giovanni" in Ebury Street, where an earl's daughter is the cook, and the wife of a former War Office official is the head-waitress. It has the very newest thing in napery—peacock blue table-cloths with scarlet squares for the plates. The "Don Giovanni" has only been opened about a fortnight, but is attracting a good many people. Lord Beatty had a dinner-party there the other evening. But why the name "Don Giovanni"? At any rate, the friends of the cook and the head-waitress who live in the immediate neighbourhood are grateful. It solves the serious question of cooks for a good many of them.

The Origin of Ski-ing

THE notion of visiting in winter a country which is situated, approximately, within the same lines of latitude as Greenland and Siberia sounds mad enough, says a writer in *The Graphic*, in all conscience, and yet Norway, whence Sir Arthur Conan Doyle took the first pair of skis to the Continent, and where the art of ski-ing originated, is a veritable paradise for those who have a *flair* for following the sport *au naturel*, and who are fond also of good skating.

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

Pleasant Words

It is pleasant to hear a practical farmer say so many nice things about hunting as were uttered by Mr. George Barrett, of St. Leonards, Windsor, in the presence of the Prince of Wales last week. Words of real wisdom were delivered by him at the luncheon to which farmers and land-owners were entertained by officers of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards. "People who hunt," remarked Mr. Barrett, "have horses and employ labour, and horses want oats and hay. Farmers have got to get a living, and they are only too pleased to see the huntsmen go over their land." This is a phase of foxhunting which should always be kept in mind. A song is often made of damage to fences and poultry losses; but it should not be forgotten how much money the sport causes to be circulated throughout the country districts during the long winter months. It is true that we hunt on sufferance. For the most part farmers are sporting enough to give hounds a welcome in any case, but I am glad to hear one of them lay stress upon the economic value of the Chase.

Opening Days

"The country was very blind, and many new hats were ruined." That extract from an account of an opening day's sport last week may be taken as typical of the conditions generally prevailing in the first fortnight of November. Impenetrable fences and choked ditches have to be expected at this time of year, but some more boisterous winds and night-frosts, such as those we experienced last week, will soon make the country fit to ride over. Perhaps the most disquieting feature of the opening of the season has been the unfortunate recurrence of foot-and-mouth disease. The regulations which become necessary as a result of this trouble played havoc with hunting arrangements in many countries last season. Riders to hounds will join with agriculturists in devoutly hoping that we are not in for a dose of the same unpleasant mixture.

By "The Tout"

SMIRKE AND SIR H. CUNLIFFE OWEN

Two mighty successful turfites, have some "last words" in a quiet corner of the paddock at Kempton

The Cottesmore

In Leicestershire the outlook would seem to be decidedly favourable all round. The Cottesmore have an excellent pack. The recent infusion of new blood, especially that from the Ledbury kennels, looks like being a complete success. It was noticeable how quickly hounds came to Jim Welch on a recent cubhunting morning, showing that they have full confidence in their huntsman. Welch was a little handicapped last season by the fact that he was a stranger to the country. All the same, he did very well, and this winter bids fair to do even better. Skeffington Wood, now the property of the Master, Mr. W. Baird, is sure to hold plenty of foxes, and the same can be said of such safe strongholds as the Stapleford coverts and Owston Wood. Few countries are so well off for fox-tenanted woodlands as the Cottesmore.

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

State of the Turf

If we are to believe the asseverations which appear in some stunt articles lately published in a daily contemporary, the morals of the Turf were never at a lower ebb than they are to-day. All this is stuff and nonsense. I have been racing regularly for more than a quarter of a century, mixing with all sorts and conditions of racing people, and I venture to assert that things are certainly no worse than they were when I first began to take an interest in the sport. We are assured that all manner of malpractices are going on, but, as usual, these insinuations are only made in a general way.

Not So Black

It is averred that our amateur stewards should be replaced, or at least assisted by, stipendiary stewards whose business it would be to watch out for shady practices. In Australia and some parts of India they have paid stewards, but it does not seem clear that the system gives more satisfaction to the racing community at large than our own methods do. If you look at the names of the stewards who have served at meetings during the present season you will find them mostly composed of experienced race-goers whose integrity and knowledge of racing are above reproach. It is suggested that many of them turn a blind eye to evil doings, but I think that is a vastly exaggerated view. Some people affect to see cases of suspicious form in every other race, but I am optimistic enough to believe that the Turf is not so black as they would paint it.

Liverpool Cup

At Aintree this week the big race is the Autumn Cup on Friday. Whether Selene goes here or runs for the Liverpool St. Leger on Wednesday had not been decided up to the time of writing. In the three-year-old race she would not have much to do, whereas she has a tidy bit of weight to carry in the Cup. Nevertheless, I fully expect Lord Derby to give her the chance of adding her name to his long list of Cup winners at Liverpool. The best of the others is surely Poisoned Arrow, and I see no reason why this rather tricky course should not suit him as well as any of the others. Anyhow, I am making **Poisoned Arrow** my selection.

Other Selections

Lord Derby's colours are usually worth following at Aintree. This time I think they will be successfully carried by **Torlonia** in the Knowsley Nursery on Wednesday, and by **Crevasse** (or Highbrow) in the Lancashire Handicap on the second day. On the same afternoon there is the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, the first big jumping race of the new season. This may be won by George Poole's stable with Manby Gate or Square Dance. The Grosvenor Cup on the concluding day may go to **Roman Bachelor.**

Ski-ing things

I'd spent the afternoon before
In shopping at the monster-store,
Purchasing quite a lion's share
Of triple all-wool underwear,
Of knickerbockers, jerseys, socks,
The latest thing in alpenstocks,
And, what my spirit most did please,
A vast, gigantic pair of skis,
For in my rashness I had planned
To start next morn for Switzerland.

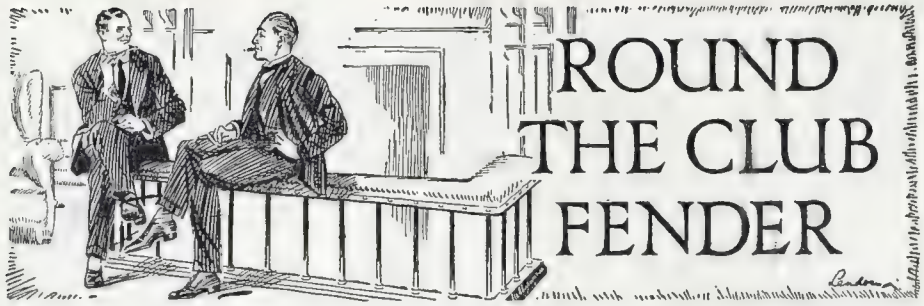
The darkness of dread midnight's gloom
Lay like a pall upon my room,
When suddenly I woke and spied
A fearful phantom by my side.
"Get up!" it cried with ghoulish glee.
"Put on your skis and ski with me!"
A frenzied fear my bones did freeze;
I rose forthwith and donned those skis.
The phantom seized me by the hand
And ski-ed with me into the Strand.
Straight through the bitter, biting air,
We ski-ed into Trafalgar Square.
The atmosphere was still and solemn
As we shot up the Nelson Column.

The night was dark and damp and chilly
As we came down in Piccadilly.
With mighty skips and jumps went we
Across St. James's Park in three.
Buckingham Palace came in view—
We bounded over it in two.
No p'liceman heard my anguished call
As we approached the Albert Hall.
One awful leap—the deed was done—
We landed on the roof in one!
"Here," said the phantom, "you must stay.
Good-bye," and faded right away.
The wind was cold, the wind was strong;
Could I remain the whole night long,
My sole protection from the breeze,
Pyjamas and those dreadful skis?
No, no. I shut my eyes with dread
And leapt . . . and found myself in bed.

Shall I still go to Switzerland?
Yes, yes, I'll go as once I planned,
But I'll eschew with greatest care
All lobster-suppers while I'm there!

A. A. Thompson

BORDER BY CHARLES ROBINSON



ROUND THE CLUB FENDER

BY "ANTHONY"

THE name of a well-known follower of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds was mentioned the other day as being the Prince of Wales's new pilot in succession to Captain George Drummond, who remains in the Pytchley country.

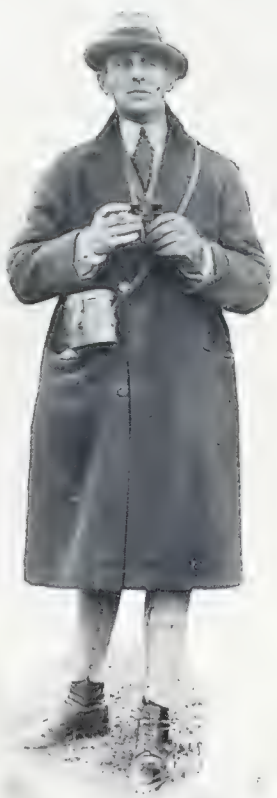
As a matter of fact, the Prince of Wales pilots himself, and pretty successfully too. The only way he would be likely to take outside help would be by enquiring the names of one or two followers who knew the country well, and could be relied on when the question of going right-handed or left arose.

The Duke's is in parts a tricky country and new to the Prince, so he would no doubt be glad of an occasional hint from such followers as Captain Maurice Kingscote (sometime amateur whipper-in to Lord Worcester) or Mr. "Bill" Harford (joint Field Master), both of whom know every blade of grass.

CAPTAIN DAVID MARGESSON, M.C., is among the more interesting young men who are making their first introduction to politics at the forthcoming Election. He is standing as Conservative candidate for West Ham. Captain Margesson is, through his clever mother, Lady Isabel Margesson, a nephew of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. He married Miss Leggett, a pretty American girl, in 1916, and has three children; her sister is married to Lady Sandwich.

CAPTAIN MARGESSON was a noted cricketer and football player at Harrow, and among the lights of the Pitt and Athenæum clubs at Cambridge. He has a lovely old house at Weston-on-the-Green, in the Bicester country. What may be of more interest to his constituents is that he has three years' experience of life as a working man, having spent this time in the United States, where he began by rolling up carpets in the basement of a big store, and was afterwards promoted to be a salesman in the cutlery department. He joined the Army as a private in 1914, became adjutant of the 11th Hussars, saw nearly four years' continuous fighting, was mentioned in despatches, and won the M.C. All the same, I dare say his most vivid recollections are still of American days; rolling up carpets accurately and quickly is an art.

MANY well-known people are going out to East Africa again this year, and a cheery boatload left Tilbury bound for Mombasa at the end of last month. Among the party were Mr. and Mrs. Gresswell-Williams, whose property near Nairobi is one of the finest in the Colony, and who entertain most hospitably, Sir Delves Broughton, in pursuit of bigger game than Cheshire foxes, Captain Kenneth Palmer, the 2nd Life Guards polo player, Captain Guy Gough, and several others.



Photograph *Sport and General*
CAPTAIN MAURICE KINGSCOTE

Big game shooting is, of course, the chief lure of Kenya Colony. The novice, however, would do well to be guided by an old hand in making his preparations. I was told of an expedition last year which cost the party £2,000 (expended in the country alone). For this sum they went some 700 miles by motor-cars to the fringe only of an interesting country, and secured between them one buffalo.

"COURSES and more courses" is the slogan of the London golf clubs these days. During the last fortnight I have had a look at the new courses under construction at both Addington and Sunningdale. Both are expected to be in play in 1923, and will relieve the Saturday and Sunday congestion considerably.

By the way, a recent protest brought the price of most golf balls down from 3*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* Wouldn't it be nice if there was a standard price for clubs? (and wouldn't one get some rotten clubs, too, which is the other way of looking at it?)

FOR example, at Addington, one can still buy a driver for fifteen or sixteen shillings if one wants to; but, on the other hand, one can pay 31*s.* 6*d.* for a club. The reason being, so I understand, that to get a good shaft for the more expensive variety it may be necessary to go through a gross or more shafts before getting the high quality required. Well, we all know a good shaft is worth its weight in gold, but may I be wrapped up in my old stable jacket before I pay more than a sovereign for a golf club myself.

"It's an Ill Wind . . ."

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Native Swiss profiting by the misfortunes of an eminent ski-er

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE SOMETIMES RUNS A BIT TOO SMOOTH

PROSPECTS OF THE WINTER SPORTS SEASON

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SWITZERLAND

THE CHRISTIANIA TURN

A SWERVING JUMP

SWITZERLAND is going to have a much better season than last winter. Fares and hotel rates have come down about 10 per cent., and Austria, which attracted so many British ski-runners last winter, is out of the running. Conditions are too unsettled. Prices have risen to the international level, and the standard of food and comfort is notably below that which is offered by the Swiss hotels. Those who are interested in Tyrol may be referred to Colonel de Watteville's article in the current issue of the *British Ski Year Book*, in which he summarises his experiences last winter.

THE Engadine is, as usual, well to the fore with an attractive programme, culminating in the "Grand National" on the famous Cresta toboggan run. Those whose bones are getting brittle, and who prefer watching the youthful falling about to falling about themselves need not be dull at St. Moritz, where ski-jumpers, skating champions, and Cresta heroes are always ready to oblige with a sensational turn.

THE Bernese Oberland has secured for next season more than her fair share of first-class fixtures. The four most important ski races of the season, as far as British ski-runners are concerned, will take place in the first ten days of January at Mürren and Wengen. The British Ski Championship, and the Kandahar race at the former, and the 'Varsity ski race and Army, Navy, and Air Force Challenge Cup at the latter. The Swiss Ski Championship takes place later in the season at Grindelwald. One way or another visitors to the Oberland will have ample opportunity of comparing the performances of our picked British runners with the Swiss, and if British ski-ing continues to show its recent rapid improvement there is no reason to suppose that the day is very far distant when our young runners will be competing in international championships. The blue riband of the curling world is also to be fought for at Grindelwald.

Photographs *Ainstutz*

PAIR SKATING AT MÜRREN

THE "Bad Boys," that famous Grindelwald team, succeeded in bringing back the Jackson Cup last year from St. Moritz, and a keen struggle is anticipated on the Bear rink. The Oxford and Cambridge ice hockey match takes place at Mürren on December 22. Last year Oxford won by 27 goals to *nil*. Oxford should win again this year, for their team remains unchanged, and is probably the finest that has ever visited Europe. Oxford should also win the ski race, for in addition to the two Norwegians who finished first and second last year (TY[illegible]veness and Stang) they can command the services of the British ski champion, C. Pitman, and the champion's brother, the well-known Rugger Blue, who is as fleet on ski as on foot. A gentleman reputed to be the American champion, but who has recently assured me with tears in his eyes that he is no such thing, and who wishes this fact to be known, will probably complete the

(Continued on page 368)

Photograph **EXPERTS ON THE SNOW** *Will Cadby*

Vivian Caulfield, Major Griffiths, Mrs. Caulfield, Dame Katherine Furze, Mr. Dobbs and Arnold Lunn stop for a breather. Vivian Caulfield and Arnold Lunn have written authoritative books on ski-ing, and Dame Katherine Furze is one of the few women who have passed the first-class ski-ing test

Photograph L. N. A.
ICE-JUMPING

Photograph **"TAKING OFF"** *A fieri*

Photograph **A NON-STOP RUN** *Will Cadby*

Switzerland is inevitable; it will haunt you and call to you from the moment that you learn that skating and ski-ing, tobogganing and lugeing are synonymous with St. Moritz and its sister towns amidst the snow, and in the end your resistance will capitulate, and then—"Hello, is that Cook's? Can you reserve me . . .?" etc., etc. Winter sports are the most invigorating, the most seductive,

Photograph *L. N. A.*

SKI-KJÖRING

Two girls on the Silvaplana Road at St. Moritz. This is the best way to cover ground with a minimum of effort

Photograph *Will Cadby*

CURLING AT KLOSTERS

The Klosters valley is renowned for its crisp firm snow, and the ice and curling rinks are exceptional

Photograph THE START OF THE BOBSLEIGH RACE AT ST. MORITZ *Topical*

Photograph A KICK TURN *Will Cadby*

the most exciting of all outdoor amusements, and last winter London was proverbially void and in consequence you couldn't see snow for Londoners *et les autres*, so the *hôteliers* were happy and declared a fat dividend—to themselves—and are now feverishly preparing to receive you once again in order to ensure a repetition of the declaration, They say, hush! prices will be lower!

PROSPECTS OF THE WINTER SPORTS SEASON (concluded)

team of five, and Lord Knebworth would be available if there is a place to spare. Cambridge have in Leonard Dobbs the champion of 1921, but his health has recently been poor, and it is doubtful whether he will be able to race.

THE race for the Championship should be extremely interesting. If Dobbs can race, C. Pitman will have to work hard to hold his title, and, in any case, he will have to hustle to get ahead of a number of dangerous competitors, among whom Commodore Dowding, I. J. Pitman, J. A. Joannides, and Lord Knebworth may be mentioned.

Photograph *Will Cadby*

OTHMAR GARTNER

The well-known Swiss author and sportsman coming down a swift run

Photograph *Niedecken*

AN EXHIBITION SKATER ON THE ARTIFICIALLY-LIT RINK AT DAVOS

SO much for ski-ing. In the skating world St. Moritz offers its usual programme of first-class fixtures. Morgins is, of course, the Mecca of the English school, thanks to the enthusiasm of Mr. Humphry Cobb, who is so largely responsible for the recent renaissance of the English style, a style which is certainly eminently adapted to the national temperament. The Houghton Cup is, perhaps, the most important of the many important events which will take place at the Swiss headquarters of the famous Bear Skating Club. T. W. F.

Photograph *P. L. M.*

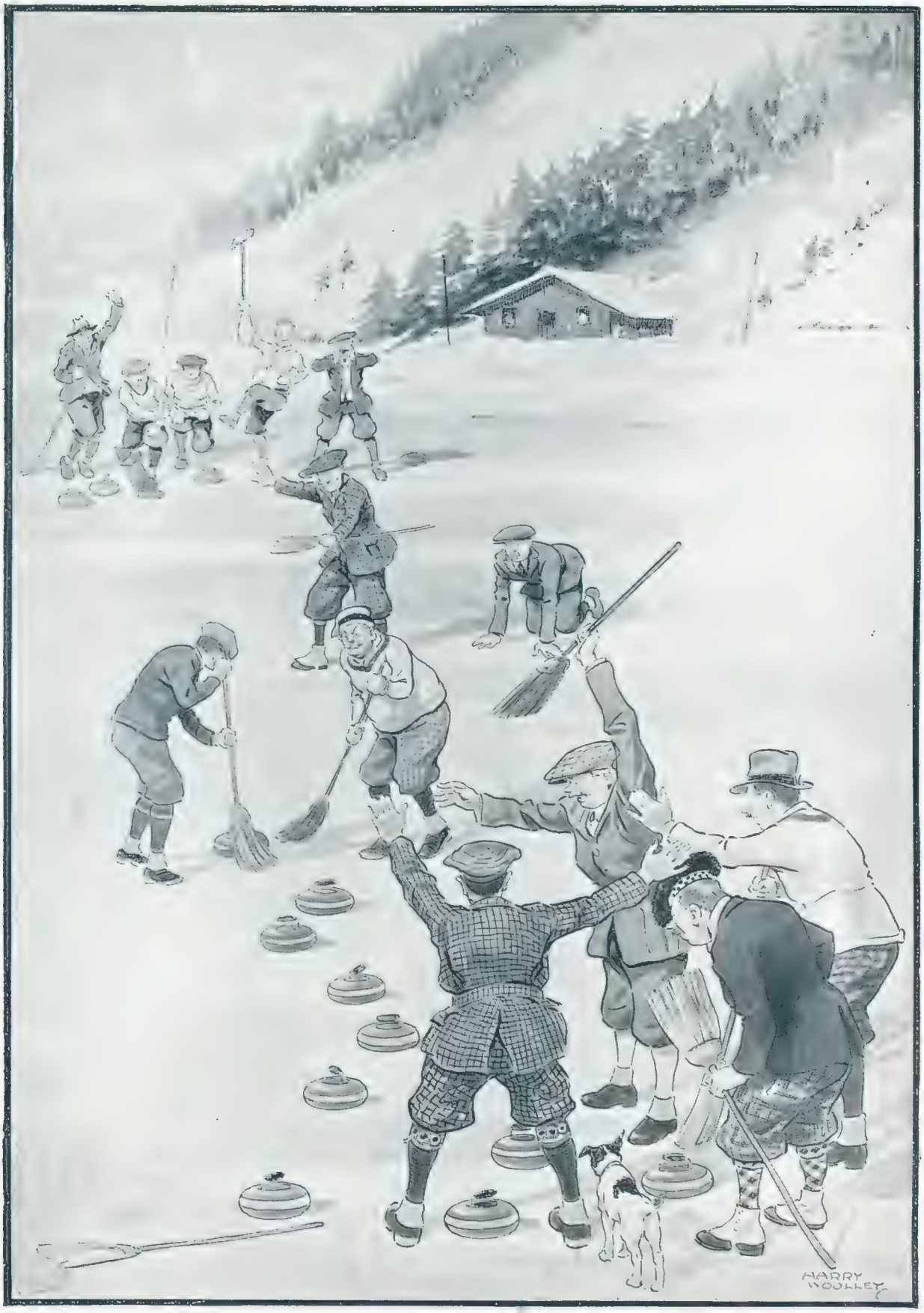
EARLY MORNING CHAMONIX

Photograph

THE ELDORADO OF THE WINTER SPORTSMEN AT ADELBODEN

G. Lunn

They Call It "Curling"—



BY HARRY WOOLLEY

—But it looks more like "permanent waving"

A GRIEVANCE

Sketches by A. H. D'EGVILLE

DEAR MR. EDITOR—

PLEASE do not misinterpret my motives. This letter is inspired by a high sense of public duty, and by a conviction that your admirable organ might be greatly improved as far as its winter sports illustrations are concerned. I have your welfare at heart, believe me or not, as you please.

I am, perhaps, unknown to you, but I am not unknown to the *habitués* of Lindenalp, that well-known winter-sports centre. I have passed my second-class skating test, and I am the founder of the Lindenalp Beaver Club. Morgins, as you know, has its "Bears"; Mürren its "Penguins," and, not to be outdone, I founded the "Beavers." I may remark that this name was chosen, and the elegant Beaver badge selected, before the vulgar and foolish game was invented which tends to deprive the honoured Beaver badge of some of the respect to which it is entitled. As the first of the Lindenalp "King Beavers" I trust that this Bolshevistic innovation may soon be consigned to oblivion, and the word "Beaver" designate, not a bearded male, but a skilful and expert skater. That is by way of a digression. I merely wish, with all due modesty, to point out that as King Beaver and President of the Sports Committee I occupy a position at Lindenalp which is not without honour.

The Manager greets me with deference. Anxious mothers are glad if I pay them and their daughters a little discreet attention.

Every winter Lindenalp is invaded by Press photographers, excellent and hard-working young men, but a little deficient in *savoir-faire*. They do not seem to realise the importance of securing for your pages photographs not only of the aristocracy, but of the leaders of Lindenalp Society, the untitled leaders I should say.

Sir, I am no Bolshevist, and I should be the last to demur to the publication five times in the same season of Lady Arabella performing a kick turn on ski. Nor do I object to you describing this elementary manœuvre as "a clever turn," nor to the optimism with which you remark that Lady Arabella is "already an expert performer," even though she has never been seen on ski unless accompanied or shadowed by a photographer. But, sir, your photographers should also pay some attention (I say "also" advisedly, for my suggestion is not exclusive but complementary) to those who play an honoured part in Lindenalp life.

You will not, sir, I am sure, misinterpret my motives [We have reluctantly omitted two paragraphs dealing with the purity of Mr. Pooter's motives.—ED.] . . . but I have never yet been honoured in your columns. Last winter I asked Lady Arabella to give away the prizes at our ice gymkhana. I observed your photographer and I took particular care not only to stand near Lady Arabella, but also to provide your representative with full and accurate particulars of myself and my career. You will understand my surprise when the photograph appeared in your columns as "Lady Arabella and Friend." I ask you, sir, do you consider that the King Beaver of Lindenalp, and the President of the Sports Club is fitly, nay, is decently, described as "and friend"? I am sure you will not misinterpret my motives—[No, no, carry on.—ED.]—and I trust you will agree that in view of the position which I hold at Lindenalp, the more fitting description would have been: "Mr. Pooter and Friend." Not that I would wish to deprive Lady Arabella of any advertisement which she may have earned. Still less am I anxious for personal advertisement, but in justice to your readers and to my friends at Lindenalp, I am sure you will do your best to restore in the forthcoming winter the proper balance between the aristocracy of England and the Beaver nobility of Lindenalp.

Yours faithfully,

R. POOTER

"Lady Arabella and friend"

". . . difficult kick turn"

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Sno'man's Land—But Everyone Goes

A SKI-ING PARTY—
Slowly the season's pendulum is swinging from long past Deauville and Dinard, Scotland and salmon, to the more vigorous activities of winter sports—Mürren, Chamonix, St. Moritz. Skis are being oiled with tender solicitude, skates taken from the boxroom to be ground and polished biding their yearly voyage to the ice-lakes of Switzerland already freezing for your convenience

—WITHOUT SHES

Photographs] MEGÈVE AND, IN THE DISTANCE, THE HOTEL MONT D'ARBOIS *[P. L. M.*

Megève, that attractive little village on the range of Mont Blanc, and quite near Chamonix, is all that your winter sportsman could wish, and if you have gone there for a "cure" there are the famous baths of St. Gervais across the way, so to speak. In the distance, and also inset, is a view of the Hotel Mont d'Arbois, where you possibly have stayed, or at least where you will stay very soon—bankers permitting

ved)

"A SAVING SENSE OF HUMOUR" (*concluded*)

Dinner done, Wood sent a note asking the General and his nephew to be so good as to come to his private sitting-room.

"The man's a cad and a drunkard," ran the General's ultimatum to Norman. "Drop them—or I drop you."

The General stalked in, bowed to Daphne, who looked pale and dismayed, and stood glaring at her father.

"Please sit down," said William Wood, and took the bull by the horns. "I want you to listen to a very short story. Once there was a very select club where the waiters were so many worms, treated as though they didn't possess ears or eyes or feelings. Those worms couldn't be humiliated or insulted. They considered themselves lucky to be patronised and snubbed by archbishops, lucky to be ignored or derided according to the livers of Judges. One of 'em was silly enough not to appreciate his blessings. He was a bit of a Bolshi, I suppose. War came along. He was over age, but he lied and joined up. In '15 he had the luck to save a youngster's life at the cost of a wound that invalided him out of the Army. The youngster's father was a rich manufacturer. He took that Bolshi up. When the youngster was killed in '16 he took the Bolshi into partnership."

William Wood leaned forward.

"From 1899 to 1914 there's been one day-dream in that Bolshi's heart. He wasn't rich and he wasn't a boozer. But he used to imagine himself a rich man. He used to imagine coming to that club one glorious day and hobnobbing with the waiters and getting tipsy. It was what you call an obsession. He vowed it. He kept that vow."

Mr. Wood leaned back.

"The club was the Parthenon, and that Bolshi was me."

The General glowered, glared at Daphne, still pale and solemn, then glanced at William Wood, who looked like a bereaved hippopotamus.

The Parthenon!

What a man! What an explanation! What a story for the General to repeat! He saw himself telling it.

He tried to repress a smile, but failed. That smile was a hole in the dyke that separated his dry, pedantic self from the ocean of his sense of humour. He began internally to chuckle, to shake, and then burst out laughing.

"Having once laughed," argued Norman, ten minutes later, when Daphne and he were alone, "we've got him. Besides, he was frightfully struck at what I told him about your bravery, how you didn't turn a hair when you thought we were lost. As I told you, bravery's his fetish——"

"I believe you *knew* where we were all along!" said Daphne, reproachfully.

He nodded. "Well, I did. But in novels and things a scene like that always pulls the trigger. I thought you'd be scared—think we'd be swept away by an avalanche or fall over a precipice or into a crevasse, or something—and that I'd—I'd comfort you, you know the idea."

"Well, of course," observed Daphne, "there may be some sort of a smell under a fir on a mountain-top, but it's much more *likely* under the fir by the kitchens—*when it's garlic!*" A. G. Greenwood.

A CHEAP ACCIDENT

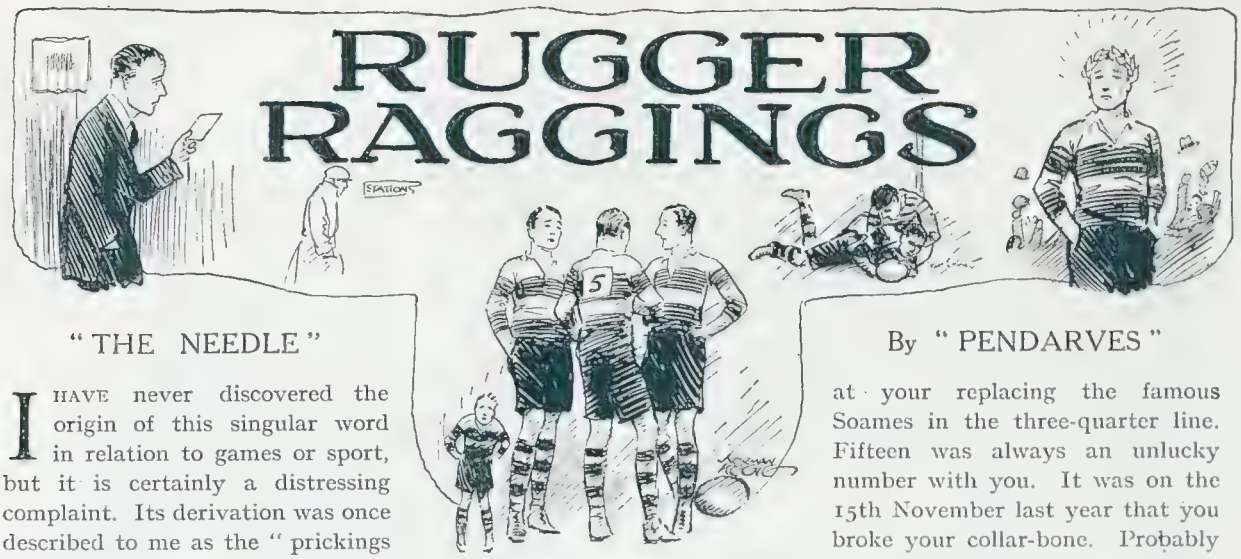
By Stan Terry

Dear Old Soul (*to motorist, who, in attempting to avoid her in narrow lane, has wrecked his car*): "Now you mustn't let this worry you, because when I get home, and have a cup of tea, I shan't be a ha'porth the worse!"

BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

A MERE SLIP OF A GIRL

RUGGER RAGGINGS



"THE NEEDLE"

By "PENDARVES"

I HAVE never discovered the origin of this singular word in relation to games or sport, but it is certainly a distressing complaint. Its derivation was once described to me as the "prickings of premonition of failure." But that was by one of those ingenious gentlemen who always have an authoritative answer for everything. There are some men, I have stood humbly in the presence of a few, who remain utterly unmoved in the dread hour before an important game, and I have often wondered what they are made of, and can only suppose a solidified form of porridge. But the vast majority of Rugby players, anyhow, deny it as vehemently as they may, are attacked by "The Needle," in varying sizes and sharpness, at some time or other on a Saturday before 3 p.m.

With many (with me invariably) slight prickings begin sometime during the course of Friday evening, when you glance at the Team Secretary's postcard on the mantelpiece. All very well for him to tell you, peremptorily, that you have been selected to play right centre three-quarter for the First Fifteen, at home, against The Gladiators. But you are not at all sure you haven't got a slight temperature, and are in for a bout of flu. You feel extremely rotten. And at home, too, against The Gladiators. You would not mind so much if it was on *their* ground, where nobody knows you. But on the home ground, with those colossal stands, and the phalanx of the club's followers, whom you have often heard expressing unparliamentary disapproval at experimenting needlessly with "A" Team men in the three-quarter line. You wish to goodness they would leave you alone, contented, in the "A" Team, where you are a bit of a dog (although you say it as shouldn't) and can smoke a gasper openly, going down in the train, without some offensive International in the First XV raising questionable eyebrows. Loathing the First XV and everyone connected with it, you climb morosely up to bed. Thus are the first prickings of the needle made manifest. . . .

On Saturday morning everything goes wrong. Clients have a way of being ridiculously insistent as to their needs on a Saturday morning, on this Saturday especially. The result of all this is that instead of getting a decent lunch at Simpsons and some fortitude, you are compelled to bolt an unspeakable ham sandwich and some flat beer in a neighbouring bar, and are left with a feeling of distinct weariness about the abdomen.

On arrival at the station of sacrifice (after standing in a third non-smoker with everybody doing it) half the population of London seems to be making its way to the ground. You must have a cab, all to yourself, and as you rumble past the myriad pedestrians it seems to you that they smile pityingly up at you, as at a condemned in a tumbril.

The usually obsequious man in charge of the dressing-room, who has been unpacking other people's suit-cases, takes not the smallest notice of you. He is not going to soil his gouty hands with the impedimenta of an unknown 'A'—not likely, with a half-dozen Internationals strolling nonchalantly in. He merely hands you a jersey with your number sewn on the back. "Mr. Frazzle, sir? Number 15, thank you." In an icey tone of marked disapproval at your replacing the famous Soames in the three-quarter line. Fifteen was always an unlucky number with you. It was on the 15th November last year that you broke your collar-bone. Probably do it again to-day. Nobody speaks to you. Except the captain, who in passing, with a Cambridge blazer in his hand, says "hope you're fit, young fellow?" in a tone of doubt. His doubt is merited. Anything but. You never felt less so. And all the time, when you have changed and sit drumming over-wrought fingers on your bare and very cold knees, that dreadful rumble of arriving spectators in the stand above your head goes on interminably. Trim, sceptical club supporters come to watch one man let down the whole side. Come to watch you.

There is no unconventional punt about on the field before the game, as in the "A." You are penned, cattlewise, under the stand until you wander out *en masse*, behind the herculean Gladiators. A truly awful moment. Five thousand eyes fix you frigidly as you take your place.

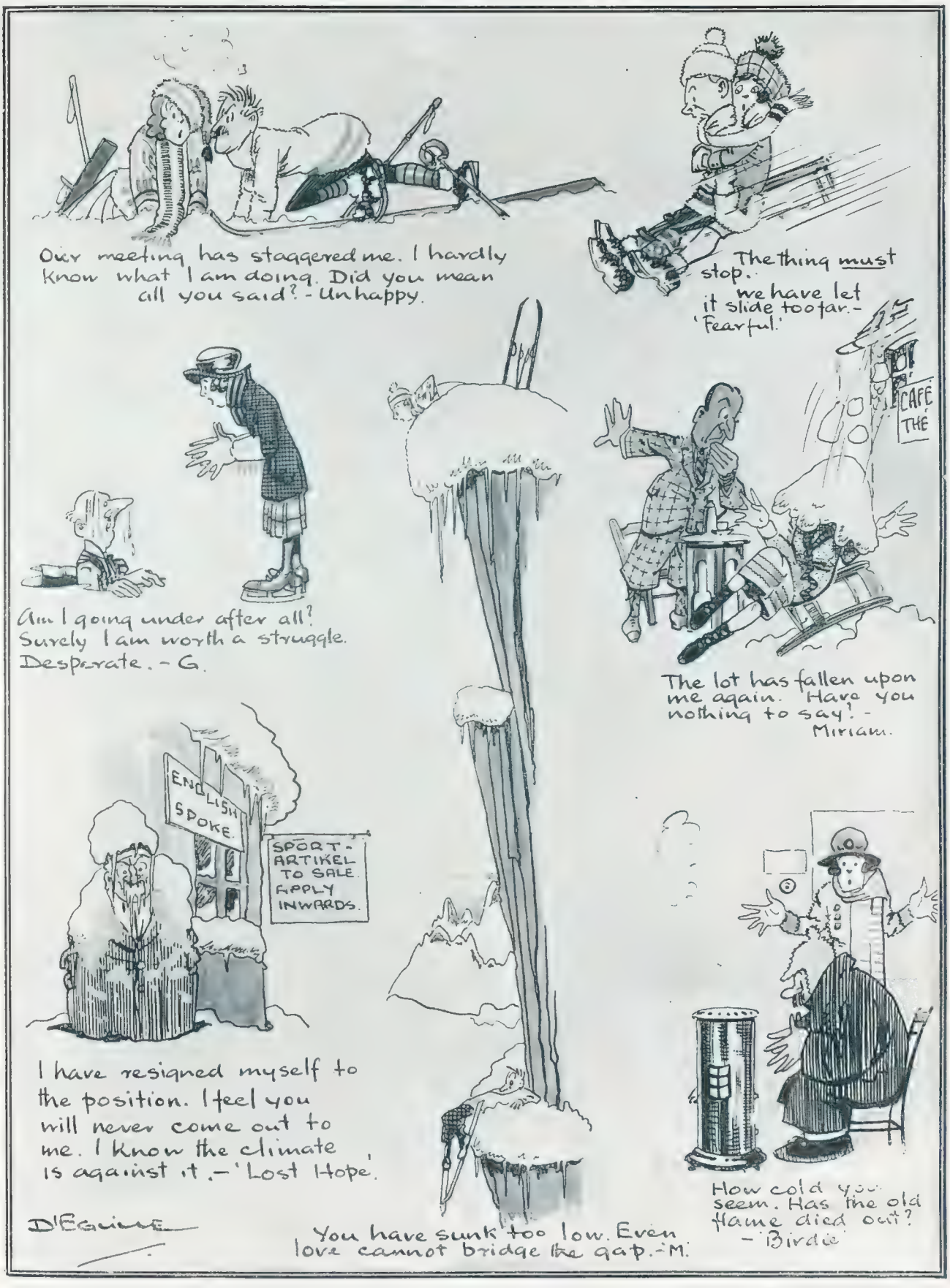
But the moment the game starts, and you are hurled heavily into touch, the prickings of the needle are no more felt. On the contrary, you are, for some extraordinary reason, on your game. That stand-off half continues to sling the ball out to you at exactly the right height and time. You score a try. Rather a useful one, near the posts. And the whole world proclaims you with hand-clappings. This is FOOTBALL—this is.

And after a magnificent game, with you having done some rather brilliant things, and the skipper having said, "Fine try, that of yours, m'lad," you hear a man at tea say, "Wonder how the 'A' got on to-day?"

The "A"? Who cares tuppence about the "A"?

Certainly not you.

Purely Personal



BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

OUR WINTER AGONY COLUMN

Femina

IS THE ENGLISH HOUSE TOO COLD?

BY MRS. M. VINCE

IF we are to believe foreigners, English houses are the coldest in the world. They are the coldest for the same reason that they are the least easy to keep cool in times of heat. They are built and furnished and heated on the assumption that, summer and winter, there will be no extremes of temperature. The odd result is that foreigners from countries where the winters are really severe feel the cold more when they come to our mild winter. They are used at home to a much higher permanent temperature indoors, just as they are used to a much lower permanent temperature out of doors.

I AM afraid that it has become the fashion to be apologetic for the way in which English houses are heated. It is the American influence. The Americans believe that with their central-heating they have said the very last word on the subject—although there were houses with central-heating built in England by the Romans more than a thousand years ago. They are very contemptuous of our rooms which are only warm near the fire, and of our halls and passages, which are seldom heated at all. And we, I am afraid, admit that they are right by the way in which we excuse ourselves. We plead that we are old-fashioned; give them the credit of being far ahead of us in heating houses, and say that—although, perhaps, it is stupid of us—we like our own way of doing things, even though theirs is much the better way. This is altogether wrong. What we can do, and ought to do, is to defend our open fireplace rationally. They may not suit American winters, but they do undoubtedly suit ours. If we have rooms only heated near the fire and passages seldom heated at all, it is for the very good reason that our normal temperature in the winter enables us to do it. We are so fortunate, in consequence, as to have rooms with fresh and healthy air, very different from the dull, dry air of steam-heated buildings. And if, at the short times of severe cold, our houses are not as warm as we could wish, it is a small price to pay for such an advantage. That is how we should defend the English house against the charge of being too cold.

THE material of which the house is built, oddly enough, has much less to do with the warmth of houses than one would suppose. The Scotch, who build in stone, think our brick a very unsubstantial material. On the other hand, Scandinavians, with their much longer and severer winter, find our brick houses very cold after their own—and their houses are made of wood. Not the material, but the way in which it is used, and the way in which the house is planned, are the important things. Many small English houses are, in fact, colder than they should be, not because they are built of brick, or because they are not heated in the right way, but simply because not enough bricks have been used. Outside walls of the thickness of two bricks are not built substantially enough to keep a house warm in winter. Neither are the typical London houses—all height and no breadth or depth—planned so as to be easy to keep warm; neither, again, is that very familiar type of suburban house, which has its kitchen built far out at the back at the end of a long narrow passage.

A POSER By Elsa Courlander

Mother: "Effie, do stop asking questions. Why don't you do a drawing?"

Effie: "All right, I will. But how *do* rhinoceroses begin?"

SWEDISH houses are built of wood, which is less substantial than brick, and they are heated with wood, which has less warmth than coal. But they are planned much more compactly, and for that reason are much easier to keep warm. In the Swedish house and the Swedish flat, as far as possible, the rooms open out of each other. No space is wasted on passages. Each room has its stove, and the heat is passed on from room to room. To those who attack the English house for being too cold, I would defend the English open fireplace as the best of all ways for heating for our temperate climate, and a way which we are very fortunate in being able to use. But I would admit that we have allowed our climate to make us careless in building and planning. We are building too flimsily in trying to build cheaply, and we often plan in ways which make us waste the heat that we have.

M. V.

A Parad-ice

BY HELEN McKIE

SWITZERLAND . . . MID-WINTER . . . ANY TIME, ANY DAY, ANYWHERE

By
"JINGLE."

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

BLUEBEARD'S 8TH WIFE

AT THE QUEEN'S

Produced on August 26th

WE read in our Arabian Nights that there was once a Persian King who used to marry a new bride every day, and put her to death on the following morning. This is not a nice habit, and it has always been frowned upon by the best people. One day the King married a girl called Scheherazade who used to start a little tale about bedtime and break off in the middle at an exciting point, so that the King had to keep her alive in order that the story might be continued in her next. This play is a sort of variant of the above-mentioned yarn. Mr. John Brown, of Boston, Mass., U.S.A., has been married seven times. Whenever he has grown tired of a wife, he has divorced her and settled an annuity of two hundred thousand francs upon her for life. At the opening of the play he has six former wives on the active pension list, and a very slight excursion into the realm of mathematics shows that he is paying out in annual pensions one million two hundred thousand francs per ann. Mr. Brown claims to be a millionaire, and at that rate he wants to be. He is clearly the kind of millionaire who has got to put his money out at about 25 per cent. interest, if he wants to keep the home together.

ARTHUR CLEAVE AS DETECTIVE DUPRÉ

HENRY FORD AS MATARD

MR. JOHN BROWN is, as you might say, a single man again, when he meets Monna at an Ostend hotel. Monna is an accomplished young lady who distinguished herself at college, and is quite good at tennis and golf, and the mild flirtations that frequently accompany these simple recreations of the leisured classes. In the first instance, Hubert, a young French Count, who has the additional distinction of being a Banker's clerk, hovers round Monna with honourable intentions and an attenuated purse; but Monna can, alas! be no more than a sister to him. Even so, as sisters go, she is distinctly hospitable. The chief use Monna has for Hubert is as a decoy for other and likelier admirers. Mr. John Brown, for instance, seeing the young people together, decides to cut young Hubert out. So he asks papa, discloses his matrimonial record, and states his terms. He will settle the usual annuity of two hundred thousand francs on Monna, and then, if he should divorce her, she will be no poorer for the adventure.

MONNA is a spirited young lady of character who not unnaturally resents the sordid financial details of this whirlwind courtship. It so happens that she is genuinely in love with Mr. Brown, and there is a legend (I cannot place my hand on the source of it at the moment) that true love cares nothing about money. All it asks for are diamonds and chocolates, and a better fur than the woman next door. Monna indeed, vows that she would love John Brown even if he were quite poor, but they all say that after they have had a fleeting glimpse of the admirer's decorative banking account. By way of a retort to John Brown's financial programme, Monna wishes to remark that she is not going at the cheap figure he offers. Her price is four hundred thousand francs per annum, and Brown who, for a millionaire, seems to be rather recklessly free with his money, takes her at that. So Monna brushes Hubert off the doorstep, and becomes Mrs. John Brown of Boston, Mass., U.S.A., temporarily domiciled in Paris, where the second act of the play is laid.

MADGE TITHERADGE AS MONNA

THEN Monna adopts the wily tactics of Scheherazade by

making herself indispensable to her lord, so that he shall hesitate about divorcing her. She does not spin yarns. Her method is the simple one of refusing marital rights. Her plan is in short to keep her simple-minded husband guessing. As he can hardly be said to have married her, he is not likely to be in a hurry to divorce her. That at least is the working hypothesis of the play. It is not for me to question its truthfulness to life as it is. Monna retires to her own room at night and locks the door upon her husband. In a scene that is candour itself, but which is saved from being distasteful by the admirable acting of Mr. Norman McKinnel and Miss Madge Titheradge, Mr. Brown pleads with his wife to receive him in her boudoir. Once he takes her in his arms and holds her there just to show how easily he could place her at his mercy if he chose to disregard her wishes. I suppose as played in the original French this scene must have been a pretty lively one. As played in very outspoken English, it certainly jars a little, though as the vibration from the jar has clearly got as far as the box-office, it would appear to be rather an asset than otherwise to the play.

In order to keep her husband on tenter-hooks, Monna writes anonymous letters to him hinting at unfaithfulness on her part; but a private detective employed by John Brown soon traces the real authorship of the incriminating documents. An amusing scene is that in which the detective is identified by Monna herself, who supplies him gratuitously with a lot of detailed information about himself and his gallantries, that takes all the wind out of his sails. Later on John Brown decides to put Monna to the test. He will adopt the commonplace dodge of announcing that he is going to Havre for a day or two; and then he will come back unexpectedly and see if there is anybody hiding in the wardrobe or under the dining-room table. I wonder why, by the way, all the players say "Hav-re." The English of the name is Harver, the French being, of course, Le Havre. As spoken at the "Queen's" the word is neither one language nor the other. But to resume. The foiled detective in a penitent mood reveals John Brown's intention to Monna, and she takes action accordingly. She telephones to Hubert asking him to take her out to supper, and to see her home afterwards, and this Hubert does with the highest, if not the worthiest, expectations. The third act opens in Monna's room where she and Hubert are having a champagne supper, and Hubert has clearly shipped aboard a very full cargo of the bubbly stuff.

This scene is played with a nice restraint by Mr. Hugh Wakefield, who makes the scene extremely laughable. His quaint philosophy, born of his libations, is really very amusing whether you think it right to laugh at that kind of thing or not. An American gentleman with horn-rimmed glasses who sat near me nearly choked with excessive mirth. After supper is over, Monna invites Hubert to draw aside a curtain at the back of the stage, and when he has done so, we observe that the lady's bed stands revealed to our gaze. As we have been given to understand that since her marriage Monna has been sleeping alone, I could not quite see why there should have been two pillows set side by side on the bolster; but, as I have before explained, I am a child in these matters and I have no wish to ask questions that cannot be answered with discretion. I am quite willing to accept the position that it is no business of mine. As the detective, Mr. Arthur Cleave is distinctly rich and rosy; and Mr. C. M. Hallard does all that can be done with the hardly necessary part of the father of the bride who is not concerned with the main action of the piece. It is a very amusing entertainment, but I am not quite sure that my elderly maiden aunt would be prepared to give it her unqualified blessing.

JINGLE

KENNEL GOSSIP

WHAT ABOUT WHIPPETS?

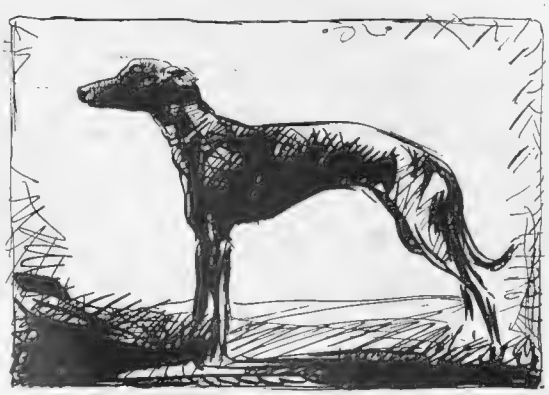
By "THE KENNELMAN" *Sketches by NICOLSON*

"Your tips about Dog feeding are invaluable, and I agree they're needed—badly needed—but as Dog, like Man, cannot live by bread alone, I hope you will add to them tips on general care, training, how to look after Dogs, and avoidance of such horrid cruelties as keeping Dogs chained up, etc."

Sure! But, make no mistake, the bed-rock of the whole business is *consistently* correct feeding. As for "bread alone," considered literally, it's nearly as bad as slops alone, as dietary for a Dog. (Where used at all, see that it's stale, and a little re-baking is an advantage. Even so, I prefer biscuit, as addition to a meat foundation.)

As to the chain, it's anathema. Address enquiry about this to the R.S.P.C.A. and Our Dumb Friends' League. Bad cases should be reported. The Law may still be a "hass," but it does take cognizance of these things now, thank goodness! There's no real reason why, off the Show bench, a Dog should ever see a chain; least of all a properly educated watch-dog. Where it is thought necessary, here's the only sane method: Drive two short stakes into the ground, twenty or thirty yards apart, and stretch stout, smooth galvanised wire between 'em, after first passing it through a strong ring, say two inches in diameter, to clip your chain to. Make sure your chain swivels work smoothly. One stake, of course, is placed right alongside weather-proof kennel, so that the Dog is sure of shelter when he wants it, as well as some little run. But chaining-up's a wretched business, anyhow, and at its worst a real crime, on a par with the Bedlam methods of a century ago. The cure is always to report bad cases.

As for general care—freedom, exercise, scrupulous cleanliness, and accommodation (strictly free from damp, draughts, and darkness) open to sunshine are the main things. Damp is specially bad. Every Dog likes to have a Dog companion, as well as human friends; and, if he is not given the free run of the house, but lives out, he really *needs* a Dog pal. Don't cosset, don't ignore, don't fluctuate, but be, above all things, consistent and regular in your care of Dogs. More of this later.



THE WHIPPET

It seems the Whippet is steadily growing in favour just now, as a Show Dog and a pal. Well, it's not at all difficult to understand; for the Whippet has many points. He's light, clean, smart, small, docile, clever, teachable, and extraordinary graceful; the very spirit and embodiment of speed; modelled in silver, a perfect mascot for racing motorist or airman. He's also extremely well-mannered as a house Dog, and one of the deftest things that walk. Give him a pal of his own race, and he will furnish you with endless sport; for, just as he is a miniature racehorse to look at, so he has racing in his blood, and at a flicker of a handkerchief will put up a run at any time that is wonderfully thrilling to watch.

Ladies are generally keen on Whippets, once they know them; I suppose because the Whippet can go anywhere, fit in anywhere, and look well anywhere. I am glad to see he is being more freely bred for Show and companionship, because he so obviously lends himself to both; but it's highly important the essence of his type and character should be kept steadily in mind. He must remain the miniature Greyhound; embodiment of fleetness and speed: satin coat, cat-like feet, steely muscles, straight forelegs, well-loped shoulders, deep chest, and finely arched loin. No fat, but lots of fire (in eye and carriage, for example); no bulk, but steely silken-elastic strength—electric vitality in repose; height about 18 inches; weight under 20 lbs.; colour, black, white, brindle, blue, red or fawn. Plenty of variety, you see; and a more adaptable, *convenient* sort of Dog companion you shall not find; not to mention his breedy distinction, grace, and passionate keenness on sport, the game, play.

(The Whippet Club flourishes under the presidency of Sir G. Renwick; hon. treasurer, B. S. Fitter, Esq.)

Here's an interesting notion that will appeal to many BYSTANDER people. The National Canine Defence League offers a prize of £2 for the best one-page letter giving ideas for new work to be undertaken by the League, and suggestions for improving its present work for Dogs. True, a couple-o'-pounds won't pay for a winter on the Riviera but, aside from that, most Dog-lovers should have a tip or two to offer the League.

Hospitable owners of kennels will find their friends appreciative if they keep always available a couple of slip-on kennel coats—khaki drill's as good as anything—for visitors' use. "It makes a difference," specially to ladies, but also to men, and particularly where big Dogs and Hounds live.

There's a championship Dog Show at the People's Palace to-day, November 8, and on the 15th a Members' L.K.A. Show at Westminster.

Mainly About Oxford

WITH AN OLD CAMBRIDGE BLUE AS A MAKEWEIGHT

Photograph Sport and General

CAPTAIN HOPE CRISP

A distinguished Cambridge Lawn Tennis Blue before he lost his right leg at Hill 60 in 1915, competes in the Lawn Tennis Golf Cup Competition at Roehampton. He still plays lawn tennis with the aid of an artificial limb, but prefers at golf to rely on his wonderful power of balance. He is seen driving from the 15th tee

Photograph Sport and General

A SHOT AT GOAL BY OXFORD WITH STICK REVERSED

In the match between Oxford and Southgate at Southgate. Had their shooting been better Oxford would quite possibly have led at half-time instead of being one down, but afterwards their defence collapsed and they were beaten 9-1. While this was happening the "Rugger" fifteen were being equally severely trounced at Leicester

Photograph L.N.A.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY LACROSSE TEAM

Who beat Catford, one of the leading Metropolitan Clubs, recently by 8 goals to 6. The game of lacrosse, always regarded as a bit of an interloper at the 'Varsities, is making steady headway at Oxford, and when her teams can prove, as they soon may be able to do, that they can hold their own in any company, the game will enjoy a boom

Photograph I.B.

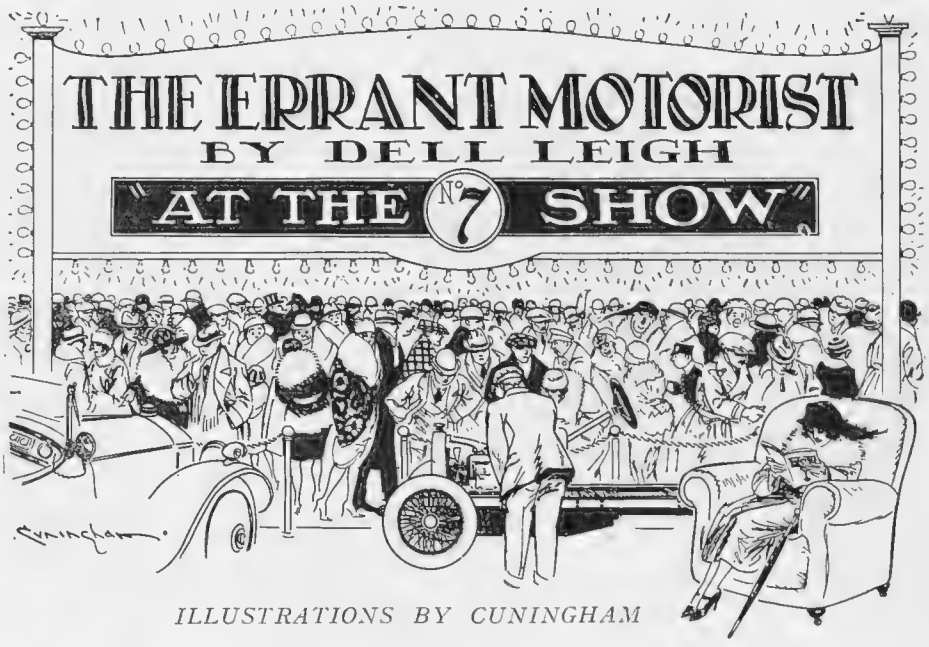
TEVIS HUHN

Winning the 120 yards hurdles at the Oxford University Seniors' Sports. He also won the long jump and the 220 yards low hurdles. He comes from Princeton University, U.S.A.

THE ERRANT MOTORIST

BY DELL LEIGH

"AT THE No. 7 SHOW"



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CUNINGHAM

To come away from the Motor Show in an entirely complacent frame of mind requires a stoicism and a lofty detachment which is given to very few of us.

Personally, I resort to every artifice I can conjure up to keep away from it. Because I know perfectly well I shall either buy something for the car I've got, or, worse still, sell my car at a dead loss and buy a new one I don't need. And as invariably am I drawn Olympia-wards as a moth to a car's head-lamps.

Primarily, I think one goes because it is the great social event of the year. It is idle to suppose that the Derby or Ascot, or the night when Battling Bolsover fights the Lightning Lithuanian, grips the popular imagination to anything like the same extent as does the Annual Show of Shimmering Saloon Bodies. If, during the Great Week, you have not been, do not intend going, and are perfectly satisfied, thank you, with the car you own, you find yourself marooned outside the zone of all male and female conversation wherever you live, move, and pursue your bad habits. If, towards the end of the awful week, you reply to the sixty-fourth question, "Well, what do you think of the Show this year?" that it doesn't interest you in the slightest, men look sharply over their tumblers at you as if you were sickening for something.

It seems to me that the prevailing types you find there are:

I.—He who dallies with the idea of buying a car, quietly, by himself.

II.—She who dallies with him with the idea of making him buy one for her.

III.—He who, having one, wants another and a better.

IV.—He who, having quite recently bought one, wants to see what damnable improvement they have introduced into the Standard Model since his was delivered to him.

V.—He who, being in the trade, wants to see the weakness of his competitors exposed in the full glare of the arc lamps.

VI.—He who is a surgeon of chassis, and wants to poke his fingers into fifty different makes in one afternoon and go away feeling pleasantly sated.

VII.—The Wise Men from the Midlands who wink knowingly and say, "Aye, it's a gran' place is Lunnon," and use the Show as an annual *camouflage* to their wives.

VIII.—The Captains of the Industry, who smoke eternal cigarettes on the stands and answer absurd questions in the grand manner.

IX.—The Great Majority, who are not and never will be potential purchasers.

But certain fixed impressions rise up from the welter and the glitter and the heat, and remain with you. Personally, I suffer there very much always from what has been described as Turbamania, or the contagion of crowds. And it acts on me in this way.

Probably on you also.

Let us suppose you want a car. Most people do. Especially those who have one. The car that the last Mr. Know-All has told you on no account to miss ("examine it carefully, my boy, in my opinion it's a first-class proposition; nothing to touch it at the Show — nothing; and they'll take £50 less, you see!") cannot anywhere be found.

You are bemused on entry by a constellation of cars.

(*Continued on page 390*)

"You ask a cigarette-smoker on a stand"

The Compactom Clothing Cabinet

"All the Best."

CONSTRUCTED of Mahogany or Oak throughout and Polished; the exterior may be finished Mahogany, Walnut or Jacobean Oak, and will harmonise with any decorative scheme.

Size: 4 ft. 4 in. x 5 ft. 9 in. x 1 ft. 7 in.

Accommodation is provided and named for :—

12 Suits
36 Handkerchiefs
24 Shirts
24 pairs of Trousers
12 pairs of Pants
36 Collars
6 Hats
12 Undervests
36 pairs of Socks
8 pairs of Boots and Shoes.

Unlimited number of Ties, Studs, Cuff Links, etc., spare space for Sports Wear, etc. ; small Lock-up is furnished and Bevelled Plate Glass Mirror is suitably positioned on right hand door.

39 Guineas.

(Delivered in the United Kingdom)

We have appointed
Messrs. FINNIGANS, Ltd.
as Local Sole Agents for
MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL

"THE THINGS THAT MATTER"

Floor Space Economy—4' 4" x 1' 7"

Interior Capacity—It will hold three times as much as any ordinary wardrobe—everything a well dressed man requires,

Accessibility—Each and every article is at hand, in view, and in properly proportioned compartments—supplies are seen at a glance—there is no waste space.

Pleasurable Utility—An unending pleasure to the tidy—a necessity as well to the untidy—it is the most convenient way of preserving clothes, and economises time, space, money . . . . and temper.

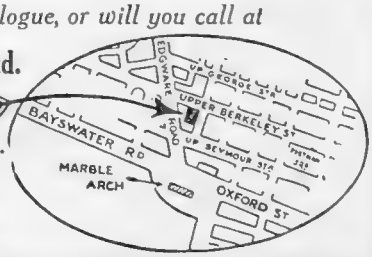
Quality and Finish—These are the best that English workmanship can yield.

The Compactom Clothing Cabinet is efficient and sufficient to your needs.

May we send Catalogue, or will you call at

COMPACTOM, Ltd.

"VANTAGE HOUSE"
40-43 Upper Berkeley St.
London, W.1



'Phone Padd. 5002.

"THE ERRANT MOTORIST" (*concluded*)

Cars to the right of you, cars to the left of you—and the crowd behind you, nudging you onwards, into the Valley of the Bargain at 600. But having promised Mr. Know-All to examine it carefully you ask a cigarette-smoker on a stand kindly to tell you where——?

"The Fly-by-Night? Oh—er—yes. I believe they've got a stand here, somewhere; not quite sure where."

As if it were only by the grace of a kindly Providence that such base metal as the "Fly-by-Night" had been allowed to be pushed into the Show at all.

At this point you give up the unequal struggle and follow the crowd. In other words, Turbamania has got you in its grip. There is an enormous crowd round Stand X.F.—why? Surely behind all those craning heads and concentrated faces there must be something quite new and wonderful in cardom? You peer upon the ringe of it, expectant, curious. And by patience, and effluxion of time, and moving bodies you drift into the front row. Then you see a cigarette merchant, bending over a silver-plated chassis with three other men with tense faces, and they are all talking rapidly in undertones. You have no idea what manner of men these others are. But the conversation and pointings and movings of silver levers is carried on in a jargon quite beyond your understanding. You feel it must be much the same kind of highly technical talk as is indulged in by Harley Street specialists at a consultation over the internal disarrangements of a very rich patient.

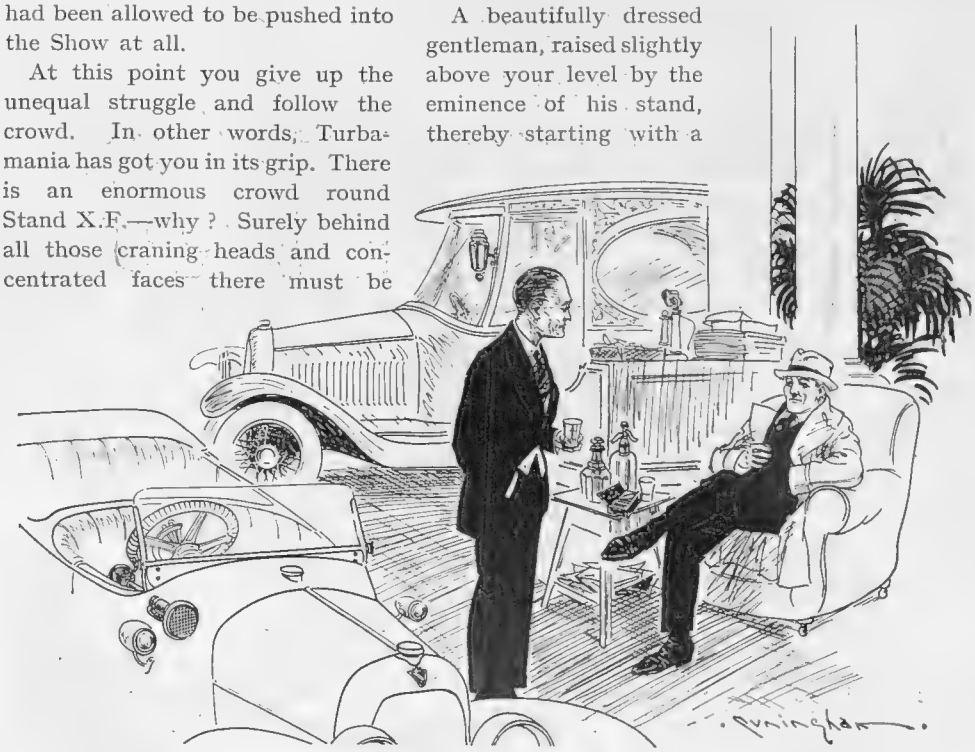
But you don't want a chassis that would take three chauffeurs, working full time, to keep clean, so you move on, awed, seeking simplicity somewhere, and finding none. You move very slowly, because a few thousand of your fellows are on the same line of search down the same gangway.

There is a slight break in the crowd. You have reached the cross-roads of the stands, and three other highways bear the stream of alleged motorists away from you.

It is at this point that you fall into danger.

A beautifully dressed gentleman, raised slightly above your level by the eminence of his stand, thereby starting with a natural advantage over you, engages you in pleasant conversation. He has seen you approaching. Being a seller of cars he is, necessarily, a supreme judge of character. He has taken in with one swift glance the cut of your clothes, the shape of your shoes, the value of the pearl in your tie. You are to him a possible—a likely. And he says, "Come into the office." He doesn't say it brusquely like that. Oh, no. The pleasant conversation is upon cars in general, and the heat and the abomination of crowds in particular. You accept one of his expensive cigarettes, out of a gold case, and presently you find yourself reclining at peace in a leather armchair somewhere at the back of his enormous stand, half-hidden from the vulgar throng by a roll-top desk. He is a great man, this. He is so refreshing, because he is not a slave to one particular make. "Gracious me, no." He is, apparently, the sole concessionaire in London of half a dozen. A man to know. He diagnoses your distresses, and prescribes, gently. He even has some of the pre-War stuff (he says it is, so it must be) hidden away in the folds of the roll-top.

"Well, just the odd spot, perhaps, thanks—*whoa!*"



"He is a great man this"

Finally he has your card. Knows your club. You are not perfectly certain that you haven't asked him to lunch on Thursday. In any case, you are convinced that the vehicle for you is "the Aristocar," which he recommends, without prejudice or bias; the points of which he has gone over carefully with you, in the corner, while an ignorant crowd is concentrating its open-mouthed attention upon the limousine at the other end of the stand, the moon-beam body of which he has specially built for the Prince of the Ægean's honeymoon. Before you have worked an exhausted way back to the turnstiles you have encountered many more men like him, on many stands, and Kipling's line,

> "I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and they were all my brothers."

trumpets an insistent fanfare in your brain. Your overcoat pockets bulge with catalogues and men's business cards. You have faithfully promised at least ten that you will come again on the 5*s*. day and go into the matter quietly.

But as you stagger across to Addison Road Station you are filled with a fearful anxiety as to exactly how many of these courteous gentlemen you have definitely committed yourself to purchase. D. L.

THE ANTIQUES OF THE FUTURE

Richly carved Octagon Table of choice English Walnut, 3 ft. 6 in. in diameter.
£115.

GOOD Furniture made to-day will be the sought after Antique Furniture of the Future. In our Lancaster Factory, where Robert Gillow in the year 1695 commenced making the Antiques of to-day, and where the descendants of his skilled craftsmen are still numbered among our Cabinet Makers, Furniture of the finest design, materials and workmanship is being made to-day. These pieces, of which the Table illustrated above is a typical example, are instinct with the traditions of over two centuries of fine furniture making. This Table is beautifully made of choice English walnut, richly carved, and is in design and finish as perfect as any made by the masters of past periods.

You are cordially invited to visit our Gillow Galleries, where, in addition to the above Table, a large variety of fine Furniture is on view. Drawings and Estimates for Furniture or Decoration of any Style or Period will be supplied on request.

WARING & GILLOW

LIMITED

164-180, OXFORD ST., LONDON W.1.

ALSO AT MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL AND LANCASTER.

If Winter (Sport) Comes

By Blanchette. *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *November* 6

DEAR COUSIN—

CAN'T exactly quite honestly say "Welcome wild North-easter," like the poet does, myself, not with any heart in it. Not at all sure I should mind it one bit if the summer sun went on shining all the year, in fact, and nice green leaves flourishing on the trees, and flowers blooming, and the sea being delightfully and bathably calm and warm, and all that sort of thing.

卐

BUT there it is. Had our first snow already, haven't we? And blasts are bleak and bitter, and furs and fires are in, and the "if" has been crossed right out of "if winter comes." And after all, there's simply lots and lots of compensations, like in most things, (said she, philosophically).

卐

THERE'S "can spring be far behind?" for one, of course, to finish up the quotation with .... But *rather* cold comfort, isn't it, to look forward quite as far as that? Got its own joys, too, winter has—and best and loveliest and thrillingest of all, methinks, that particular kind of joy and rapture called Winter Sports. Which doesn't need much looking ahead to now, either—'n fact, already seems people are starting to make plans and book rooms at St. Moritz and Davos and Mürren, and the other places where snow and ice are in the menu, with sunshine to wash 'em down, so to speak.

卐

NOT altogether certain, come to think of it, that it doesn't knock into a cocked-hat, frazzle, or mere mess of pottage even the most exquisite and enthralling of summery joys—this wonderful new world that you can be whirled into in only about a day. Or lots less even, p'raps, it'll be soon, if they only start *flying* us over by Handley Page or something, skis, skates, dance-frocks, and all.

卐

CARES and worries somehow seem to slip off your shoulders even as you're pulling your woollies out of their trunks in the nice, comforting, steam-heated hotel bed-room-with-bath-attached, with golden light and champagne-like air pouring in through the wide-open windows. And then the keen raptures of a run on your luge over the ice-track or the crisp snow, of skimming along on ski, of delirious "bobbing" (with your heart somewhere really *quite* near your mouth), of skating on the glossy, glassy rink. . . .

"Pulling your woollies out of their trunks"

"No one much under sixty"

卐

AND when the sun drops behind the silent, snow-clad hills—well, just the wonderfullest tea and chocolate and cakes ever, to go on with. And cocktails. And an ambrosial-tasting dinner. And a dance to follow. And so to bed at last, to wake up once more to the same programme over again, with variations. Doesn't 'pear to pall ever, though, somehow—anyway, *I've* never met anyone yet who'd had enough by the end of it, let alone too much..

卐

NICE *young* sort of life, too—not *much* scope for the ancient and infirm and beavered and musty and fusty in *that* kind of strenuous existence, is there? Which makes it, p'raps, all the more of a relief and a refuge from an England plunged into the throes of politics and elections and platform speeches, and all the rest of the boring business—what? Which it's still rather one of our cherished traditions that no one *much* under

(*Continued on page* 394)

Born 1820——*Still going Strong!*

HAMPTON COURT PALACE: Built by Cardinal Wolsey and afterwards presented to Henry VIII in 1526.

Johnnie Walker: "Greetings, your Eminence, you still love the old Palace of Hampton?"

Shade of Cardinal Wolsey: "The love of the old is what ensures your popularity."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

"IF WINTER (SPORT) COMES" (*concluded*)

sixty can really properly cope with—and got to wear frock-coats and top-hats to do it in, too, at that!

卐

Do these things better in Italy, don't they? Where, 'parently, the whole country's being run these days by quite young Fascisti people. Hardly a single one of 'em over thirty—doesn't it sound cheering and altogether refreshing? Could do with a bit of Fascisting over here, too, methinks, sometimes. Though now we weak women are beginning to take a hand even in elections and things, simply bound to get, anyway, a *bit* better and brighter 'fore very long, aren't they?

卐

Nor that there's really anything so partic'larly dull and dreary about life in general here in London now, not so's you'd notice it. Quite the contr'y, in fact. Man (or woman) cannot live by politics alone, and dancing especially seems to keep on breaking out in fresh and unexpected places. Like at the once proud and haughty Carlton, f'rinstance, where they not only started dances lately, but have actually just added a sort of cabaret show as well.

卐

Still always seems to be a public for dancing, whatever happens, though it certainly has changed a bit, perhaps 'cos some of us feel we've "already danced enough to last us our lifetime," like Lady Tarlyon and friends in Michael Arlen's brilliant new book, *Piracy*. Which is all about the moderns who go everywhere and do everything, also their haunts. 'Cluding a certain Mont Agel restaurant, which certainly *is* 'straordinarily like the Tour Eiffel of real life, which, you know, is *the* last cry these days in the way of places to have a meal at *and* meet the People of the Moment.

"Lady candidates canvassing"

Lots of intriguing portraits, too, of people in "that happy but horrible land where all young men have Clubs and all young women Lovers," not to mention those who "came over with the Jewish and American conquests." 'Mong them one Lady Lois, a famous patrician beauty, who, I hope, isn't a *real* portrait, 'cos "there was never anything patrician about her except her lovely face, for her soul is an innkeeper's soul." And "she has only two weaknesses: she is mean with money and partial to a glass or so of wine between meals!"

卐

Sounds a shade cruel—what? But quite a nice new game for these long winter evenings, as they say—fitting the portraits to the people, I mean . . . if they *are* portraits, that is.

卐

Talking about dancing, though—yet another t'rific revolution in the turning of Devonshire House, actually, into a dance club. Think of it! Complete with restaurant, and opening, prob'ly, this week or next. Yet another big Victory Ball at the Albert Hall, by the way, this Wednesday as ever is, and an Armistice one at the Hyde Park on Saturday. . . .

卐

Four years ago—is that really all? Seems ages and ages, somehow, since those tragic and wonderful days of War came at last to an end. But if the memory is distant, for some of us at any rate it grows no dimmer. The horrors may have faded, under the kindly hand of time, but the heroism of the men that faced them shines even more brightly through the vista of the years:

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust. . . .
To the end, to the end, they remain.

With love,
yours ever,
BLANCHETTE

OBLIVION

Softly the poppies fall.

Sunsets and dreams and tears,
Brave hopes and barren years—
We leave them, one and all,
Where poppy petals fall.

The rowan's scarlet flame,
The Poet's song-sweet fame,
Old Illion's lofty towers,
The little wayside flowers,
Pan, with the nymphs and fauns,
Bishops and Queens and Pawns—
Still softly over all,
The poppy petals fall.

And Time himself shall lie,
Reft from his majesty,
Beneath that shimmering pall
Where thick and soft and deep
The poppy petals sleep.

While still the poppies fall.

AGNES-MARY LAWRENCE

Days for "Ovaltine"

CHILL Autumn days. Days of rain, mist and dampness. Days which lower the vitality, impair the health, and reduce the natural powers of resistance to colds and epidemic infections.

These are the days for "Ovaltine." The stimulative and health-giving properties it contains fortify the system against colds and influenza, and give a rich reserve of health and vitality with which to face the hard trying times of the approaching winter.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

What "Ovaltine" is

"Ovaltine" is a highly concentrated extract of all the goodness, all the nutriment, all the health-giving properties contained in ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs—Nature's Tonic Foods.

Two teaspoonfuls in a cupful of hot milk or milk and water make a most appetising and delicious beverage—brimful of the elements which give health and vitality.

Independent analysis certifies that one cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

Make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. Drink it instead of tea or coffee with your meals and between meals. It is splendid for children, too, building up healthy bodies and promoting sturdy muscular development. Drink it as a "night cap" to ensure sound natural sleep.
Drink "Ovaltine" for Health!

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire. Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.

A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross Street, London, E.C. 1.

P. 177

WINTER SPORT

By "THE OLD GUARD"

We ourself are but a vagrom scribe, and are not of them with leisure and means who hasten to fling themselves among the ice and snows of fair Helvetia. Of a truth, with our own warped and distorted view, we see but little gain in journeying so far afield to sprawl on slippery ground, when we may do as much for ourself in a London street with the subtle aid of an unperceived banana-skin. We are come at years when the prospect of sliding headlong down a snow-clad hill no longer likes us; and what appears to be the abiding joy of getting wet feet is in no wise our delight. Nevertheless, with them that are led by the wholesome lure of outdoor winter life, we are in clear accord. There have ye the jaunts and gambols that make for the hardiness of the race; and though we ourself may know no more of them than we can learn from the pictured sheet, it is borne in upon us that these boisterous frolics in the clean air of a mountain land, may well be a valiant tonic for body and soul alike.

Yet this our London promises, in this year of grace, to be not without a novel winter sport that has hitherto been withheld from its prosaic denizens. A brief while ago the three tailors of Tooley Street, having, it would seem, become reincarnated, rose up in the name of the people of England, and plastered our highways and pavements with a peremptory injunction to Walk on the Left. Your properly proud Englishman, naturally enough, would have none of this insolent order to change the good habit of a lifetime at the behest of some obscure Jack-in-Office with a pot of paint to his hand; but there be servile aliens among us who discern in a lettered smear upon the flagstones the voice of High Heaven itself.

Wherefore your varlet that walks on the left shall in the nature of things sooner or later collide with your proper fellow who keeps to his birthright, and walks as his fathers did in the old time before him. The sportfulness of the occasion will then begin to make itself manifest. One man will strive to thrust his way against the other, and being foiled, may be moved to denounce his fellow Christian as a sorry knave, and to cuff him on the ear. The loose-thinking nonentities that flung this wayward order at our heads would seem to have designed for our delight a vulgar brawl at every street corner, to relieve the gloomy tedium of winter life in London.

But what the good year! The times are sadly changed when your freeborn Englishman must be abruptly called upon to do the bidding of a graceless upstart. The liberties our grandsires won for us through days of storm and stress are become to-day trifles light as air that your vacant-minded functionary may blow aside at will. Who shall say that, do we but bow the knee to these false gods to-day, they will not on the morrow become sterner tyrants yet? Haply there will come a day when the common citizen will be ordered to blacken the nose upon his face ere he take his walks abroad; while some Whitehall Limpet or other, weary for the nonce of official otiosity, may paint a rule upon the paving-stones that men shall pass along one side of the street, and the women along the other side. This is the day of the Cranks and the Crazy, who, having climbed into the saddle, ride wantonly along the way of little understanding till Freedom soon must shriek aloud. Verily, this blessed plot, this dear, dear, land of England, hath fallen upon sorry days, and we can think no ill of them that grasp the excuse of winter to journey into foreign parts and give themselves a rest from the sore tribulation of being citizens of no mean city.

A WINTER'S TAIL By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

Haley's Comet *always* returns, but there are others

£250 REWARD

£250 REWARD

THE PITFALLS OF INDISCRIMINATE PEARL BUYING

CIRO PEARLS by their outstanding qualities have naturally to face the evil of substitution. Many people who have been led to believe they were buying Ciro Pearls bring them to us in disgust after a little wear. While sorry for such victims, we cannot naturally be held responsible, but in order to put a stop to this practice once and for all, we are prepared to pay £250 to any person who will furnish us with such evidence of their having been offered Ciro Pearls anywhere outside of our showrooms, as will enable us to take suitable legal action that will put an end to this unscrupulous substitution.

CIRO PEARLS, because of our pride in their pre-eminence are not permitted to reach the public through any intermediaries. They are not obtainable anywhere in London or the Provinces except at our own establishments.

CIRO PEARLS are sold direct because we will not confide their sale to those who cannot possess our own exclusive expert knowledge. No jewellers, drapery stores or fancy dealers can sell them to you.

CIRO PEARLS ensure the buyer against disillusion and disappointment. Because pearls may be offered with some similar name do not think the similarity goes any further. It doesn't. It cannot, because

CIRO PEARLS are produced by secret scientific processes in our own ideal laboratories in the heart of Paris. These secrets, which reproduce to perfection every quality of the real Oriental pearl, are exclusively ours.

CIRO PEARLS are backed by the guarantee of their originators — a sound established house which sells nothing else. It has made reproduction pearls its life-study. In our showrooms you may see a wonderful collection of pearls from which you can select any of the different existent tints of genuine pearls — and there are a great variety of these. You may choose a string of any length, in any gradation or pearls all of one size. All your individual requirements are attended to while you wait.

CIRO PEARLS have never been successfully copied. In every imitation there is missing the one essential secret process that has made Ciro Pearls supreme from the day they first set the fashion for reproduction-pearls.

¶ Our aim has always been and always will be, whether purchases are made personally or through our reliable postal service, to give complete satisfaction in every detail. To attain this end nothing is a trouble to us. Years after you have made your purchases we are ready without question to effect any exchange or remedy any defect that might have arisen in our pearls.

INDISCRIMINATE PEARL BUYING IS FULL OF PITFALLS. OUR DIRECT SERVICE ALONE SPELLS SATISFACTION AND SECURITY.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

In buying Ciro Pearls you take no risk. On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a Necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel in hand-made settings. If, after comparing them with real or any other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Our Showrooms are on the first floor over Lloyd's Bank, near Piccadilly.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.
39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7

Latest descriptive booklet No. 7 sent post free on application

Switzerland **Wengen** Switzerland

Mürren

Grindelwald

Illustrated booklet free on application
to the London Agency of the Swiss Federal Railways,
Carlton House, 11b Regent Street.

THE CRASH OF THE CRESTA

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"Paris weather"

MES AMIS—

I HAVE rather the fear that I am the very back number in this topical matter of the winter sports. There is, of course, the early prospect that one shall be able to renew the exhilarations, for the weather does offer the almost certain possibility that one shall be able to enjoy all the joys of Switzerland *chez nous* in Paris. There is the likelihood to be able to skate on the Seine, and to "bob" down the Champs Elysées.

AFTER to have missed completely the summer, we have already the winter at the time of the autumn. So, when the time of winter comes, it should surely be hard enough to permit of the sports. If the alarms of the prophets of evil weather shall be realised one may be able to recover the old skill (or clumsiness) after a few weeks of the practice. Though one has the fear that it shall not be the case after the so long absence.

STILL, there would be the compensation not to have to go to Switzerland, where the francs of silver become much too dear when they have to be purchased with the francs of paper. That is, of course, the reason why we have had to cease the voyages to that lovely land of *revivification* since that the War has introduced the element of "class" among the currencies. For the possessors of the sterling, the consideration does not enter, but in the present poverty of the franc it is the one which does dominate.

SO long ago does it seem since one has been able to visit Switzerland that one has forgotten the exact year. And to try to recall it has the impression to make one feel old at twenty-seven. Still, the *habitués* shall be able to remember it as the year of the great controversy. There has been in those unsaddened times the terrific conflict about the style to "bob." If the memory has not gone altogether to pieces, the clash has been provoked by an English lord. Maybe I am inaccurate about this, but if this is so, one of *les amis* may readily correct me, and I shall have the gratitude.

"To 'bob' down the Champs Elysées"

BEFORE this innovation it has been the habit of the team to recline backwards throughout the thrilling descent of the Cresta run. The innovator has introduced the entirely opposite principle, for the whole of his team has reclined—that is rather euphemistic—forward. This has been considered awfully shocking by the Mother Grundys who go in the numbers to St. Moritz, which equal the strength in which they attend all the places where there is the *joie de vivre*. It is not quite clear why they have deemed this new style shocking, even though the teams are mixed. If they had taken the view that all reclining was a subject of shock, this could have been understood. But they have tolerated the original fashion without the murmur.

"Skating on the Seine"

Truly is it hard to follow the subtlety of the Grundy distinctions.

HOWEVER, they have raised about the innovation a clatter which has not been confined to St. Moritz, or even to Switzerland, but has reached as far as Paris, and, possibly, to London. And it has become all the more noisy when the pioneer has refused to take the least heed of their dictates. His determination is not a matter of surprise, for his method has had the result of the practical success. He has won all the races with ease. Not any of his "backward" opponents has been able to compete with his team of "forwards." So have appeared the imitators, which has been the additional shock for the Mother Grundys.

"THE CRASH OF THE CRESTA" (*concluded*)

They have lifted up their hands in the increased horror. And they have solicited the aid of the authorities. They have appealed that an end shall be put to this dreadful innovation, which, they have declared, has threatened to give a mortal *coup* to the fabric of society. (Always these bold departures give the mortal *coup* to the fabric of society.) One has the recollection that the English lord has paid not the slightest attention to these utterances of dire and woe.

En tout cas, he has continued on his way to win. The haziness of the distant memories does not permit to say what has happened ultimately. And until there is the improvement in the rates of exchange one cannot leave Paris to go to St. Moritz to investigate. Of one thing there is the certainty, however. If we are able to "bob" down the Champs Elysées in a month or so, there shall be no obstacle to the "forward" fashion. The game is the thing here, anyhow, and the Mother Grundys may screech and scream as much as they like; they will not obtain the audience.

Among the other recollections of these distant days, one remembers principally the princeling who has since become contemptuously known as "Little Willie." In those days he has appeared in a far different aspect in the eyes of the world. Those have been his days as the *enfant terrible* of Germany. One has to allow that he has certainly presented a better figure at that period than subsequently. In many countries he has been then admired for his manner to stand up to the All-Highest War Lord. On this very occasion he has defied the Kaiser by to participate in the winter sports against the dictates of the Imperial Papa.

"They have lifted up their hands in horror"

When the Kaiser has insisted on a promise that the *enfant terrible* shall not spend the holidays at St. Moritz, the prince has consented. Then he and his wife have gone to the village at the other end of the Cresta run, and have had their winter sports *tout de même*. Has to be conceded also that Willie has shown himself a better sportsman in these pastimes than he has in subsequent adventures. And has been able to forget that he was a Crown Prince. Perhaps he has had a presentiment that he would finish up as a commoner.

ROLAND

WINTER SPORTS

TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT
ROOMS SHOULD BE BOOKED

NOW

CHOICE OF **30** HOTELS AT

ADELBODEN	KLOSTERS
ANDERMATT	LENK
CELERINA	LOECHE-LES-BAINS
CHAMONIX	MURREN
CHAMPERY	PONTRESINA
DAVOS	ST. CERGUES
DIABLERETS	ST. MORITZ
ENGLEBERG	SAMADEN
GRINDELWALD	VILLARS
FONT ROMEU	WENGEN

REDUCED RATES

Return Travel Tickets from London with
7 Days' Hotel, from - £10 15 0
14 „ „ „ - £14 11 6

HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET
— POST FREE UPON REQUEST. —

THOS. COOK & SON,

LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, AND BRANCHES.

WINTER SPORT IN SWITZERLAND

Why not try

GSTAAD?

(Alt. 3529 feet)

Unquestionably the FINEST SKI-ING CENTRE in the country. More than thirty first-class runs. Easy ones for novices. Stiff ones for experts. Skating. Curling. Bobbing. Lugeing.

Accessible in under 24 hours from London.

HOTEL ALPINA

Magnificent situation. Renowned cuisine. Orchestra. Dancing. Every modern convenience. Moderate pension terms. Apply to: The Manager

HOTEL ALPINA

GSTAAD.

ST. MORITZ

ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND

THE ORIGINAL .
HOME OF . . .
WINTER SPORTS

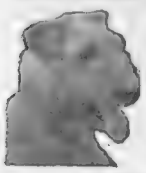
The Leading Hotels with Private Ice Rinks:

THE GRAND HOTEL
THE KULM HOTELS
THE SUVRETTA
THE PALACE
THE CARLTON

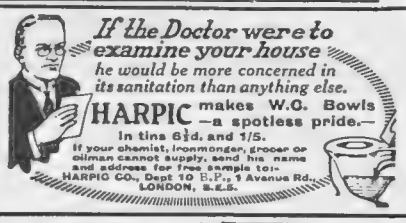
ST. MORITZ THE BELVEDERE

FINEST, ABSOLUTELY FREE, AND SUNNIEST SITUATION.
Own Private Ice Rink. Excellent Cuisine. Private and Self-contained Apartments for Families.
INCLUSIVE TERMS FROM 16/- TO 28/-

Tel: 25 Broxbourne



LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S
AIREDALES
SPECIALLY TRAINED AGAINST
BURGLARS for
LADIES' GUARDS
From 10 Gns. PUPS 5 Gns.
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts
30 mins. from Liverpool Street.



VISIT SWITZERLAND FOR WINTER SPORTS

One of the most charming and attractive Winter Resorts offers

FREE HOTEL ACCOMMODATION

to ladies or gentlemen bringing parties of ten. Terms for each other member of the party

£14 14 0 for 14 days

inclusive of second-class return fare.

Write for full information, booklet, etc., to—
"O.K." c/o DIXON'S,
195, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

KLOSTERS (GRISONS)
FOR WINTER SPORTS.

Owing to the formation of the mountains, Klosters is usually one of the first sporting centres to have GOOD SKI-ING SNOW. It is also sheltered and sunny.

SKI-ING. Excellent home slopes and splendid tours. Instructions and expeditions organised under competent guide.

SKATING, CURLING and HOCKEY on large rinks of well-kept ice.

BOBSLEIGH and TOBOGGAN RUN of three miles through grand scenery.

GOOD BAND DANCING. ALL INDOOR AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND HOTEL VEREINA, 200 Beds. Proprietors: HEW BROTHERS.

SILVRETTA SPORTS HOTEL, 200 Beds. Proprietor: L. MEISSER.

Minimum Pension Terms: Frs. 16 per day at either Hotel.
Wide range of accommodation.
Full particulars from either of the proprietors on receipt of post card.

ANDERMATT 4,800 feet

BELLEVUE HOTEL.

VERY FIRST—ICE RINK—ORCHESTRA—ALL SPORTS—SAFE FOR SNOW.

From 16 Fr. Alb. Muller, Prop. Man.

GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS LTD.

74, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Adelboden for Winter Sports

Rooms for all Hotels are reserved at this Office.
Plans of Hotels on application.
Full Hotel Accommodation from £2 5 0 per week.
SKATING, SKI-ING, CURLING, ICE CARNIVALS, AND ALL AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND HOTEL

6,000ft. above sea.

ST. MORITZ.

THE HOTEL DE LUXE OF THE ALPS.

Renowned French Restaurant.

Skating, Curling (own club), Ice Hockey.
Miniature Toboggan Run for Children.

ASK FOR TARIFF NO. 2.

HICKSOGRAPHS: MEGGIE ALBANESI IN "EAST OF SUEZ"

His Majesty's Theatre cannot escape from the East, and Meggie Albanesi, in this last play of the Orient, successfully soaks herself with the spirit of China, murdering husbands and lovers with uncanny dexterity. Our Divorce Judges would have a pretty dull time "East of Suez"; the natives solve their domestic crises so simply: one knife, one coffin, finish

PUBLIC SCHOOLS ALPINE SPORTS CLUB

President - - The Rev. the Hon. EDWARD LYTTELTON, D.D.
Hon. Secretary - - - Lt.-Col. P. T. WESTMORLAND, C.M.G., D.S.O.
2, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, W.1.

PROGRAMME 1922-3.

BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING, January 4th—8th, at MÜRREN.

Jan. 4th. Slalom Race.
Jan. 5th. Novices' Race and Ladies' Championship Race.
Jan. 6th. CROSS COUNTRY SKI-ING CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.
Jan. 8th. Senior and Junior Jumping.

MÜRREN.

Dec. 22nd. The Oxford and Cambridge Ice Hockey Match.
*Jan. 10th. Roberts of Kandahar Challenge Cup.
Jan. 10th. Local Curling Bonspiel.
Jan. 15th. The Young Inter-Hotel Curling Cup.
*Jan. 15th. The Lytton Challenge Cup.
Jan. 18th. The Young International Curling Cup.
Jan. 22nd. The Russell Wakefield Tobogganing Challenge Cup.
Jan. 29th. The Mercer Curling Cup.
Feb. 3rd. The Lady Muriel Watkins Curling Cup.
*Feb. 5th. The Alpine Ski Challenge Cup.
*Feb. 5th. The Strang-Watkins Cup.
*Feb. 8th. The Shotton Challenge Cup.
Feb. 10 & 12. Berner-Oberland Curling Cup.

WENGEN.

Jan. 2nd. The Oxford and Cambridge Ski Race.

WENGEN.

Jan. 12th. Army Navy and Air Force Challenge Cup.
Jan. 15th. Wengen Ladies' Ski Cup.
Jan. 17th. The Wengen Golden Ski.
Jan. 18th. The Wengen Golden Skate.
Feb. 5-10th. International Curling Bonspeil.

MORGINS.

*Jan. 8th. Rhone Valley Challenge Cup.
*Jan. 10th. E. F. Benson Challenge Cup.
Jan. 11th. Morgins Challenge Cup.
Jan. 19th. The Houghton Challenge Cup.
Jan. 23rd. The Humphry Cobb Challenge Cup (for little Bears who have not passed the Second-class Test).
Jan. 25th. The Spring Rice Challenge Cup (for Team combined figure skating).

PONTRESINA.

*Jan. 15th. The Haig Challenge Cup.

For plans and particulars of Club Hotels at the above Centres, apply to
The Secretary, 2, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, W.1.

MONTREUX-TERRITET
(SWITZERLAND)
The Grand Hotel

□ □ □

GOLF. TENNIS.

□ □ □

WINTER SPORTS
in immediate proximity.

□ □ □

THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOME ABROAD.

BORSALINO

WORLD-FAMOUS HATS

Colours Guaranteed Unfadable

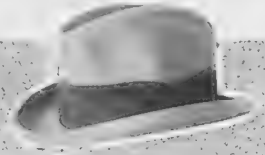
CAUTION
IS PARTICULARLY CALLED THAT ANY HAT SOLD WITHOUT THE STAMP

Borsalino

Grand Prix-Paris 1900

ORIGINAL HOUSE FOUNDED IN 1857

IS NOT AN ORIGINAL BORSALINO.



Obtainable from—
HARMAN & SONS, corner of Bond St. and Oxford St., London.
WHEELER & CO., LTD., Poultry and Queen Victoria St., (facing Mansion House, London.)
ALFRED PELLETT LTD, Cross St. and 8, Market St., Manchester.
LILLY & LILLY, New St., Birmingham,
Etc., etc., etc.
Wholesale Depot:
66-68, FINSBURY PAVEMENT HOUSE, LONDON.

SWITZERLAND, ENGADINE

5,900 F.A.S.

Winter Sports, Sunshine, Pleasure at the

CRESTA PALACE CELERINA

200 Beds.
Every mod. Comfort.
Near St. Moritz.
—
Bright Social Life.
—
Own Orchestra.
—
Geo. Bisenz, *Manager.*

WHERE BRITISHERS FEEL AT HOME

GRINDELWALD

The Leading Winter Sports Centre of the Bernese Oberland.

Electric train to start of Bob Run and to the famous Grindelwald-Maennlichen Ski-ing Slopes. 7 Ice Rinks, some of which range amongst the finest in Switzerland.

Hotel Rates include: room, meals, also afternoon tea, heating, orchestra, use of ice-rinks, Sporting tax and Kur tax.

BEAR GRAND HOTEL. 250 rooms. Leads for quality, comfort indoor amusements and sports. Ball Room and Concert Hall with 800 seating capacity. Orchestra-Jazz band 3 Private Ice-Rinks. Terms from Frs. 18. H. J. Arnet, Dir.

REGINA HOTEL, ALPENRUHE. First-class Family Hotel. Large Ball Room. Orchestra. Apartments with private bath. Private Skating and Curling Rinks. 170 beds. Terms from Frs. 16. Propr.: Bohren.

HOTEL BELVEDERE. Good English Family Hotel. 120 beds. Own Curling and Skating Rink. Lift. Building of recent construction. Ball Room. Orchestra. Terms from Frs. 15. J. Hauser & Sisters, Manag. Proprs.

HOTEL BLACK EAGLE. Well-known English Family Hotel. Orchestra. Ice Rinks. Excellent cuisine. Magnificent situation. Terms from Frs. 13.50. For further particulars apply to Mrs. Ad. Boss.

HOTEL BRISTOL. Well recommended English Family Hotel. Situated in centre of village. Central Heating. Modern Comfort. Indoor Entertainments. Orchestra. Bar. Billiards. Terms from Frs. 13.50. Suter-Retz.

A Credit to the Wolsey Family

Wolsey Pure Wool Hose continues and completes the wonderful protection provided by Wolsey Pure Wool Underwear.

With chill winds whistling about you, it's just as vital to keep the feet and limbs protected as the body, and Wolsey Hose does this more surely than all else.

Where there's poor circulation to contend with, Wolsey Hose is priceless.

Its perfect fit and clean smart finish set every argument at rest as to ***appearance.*** Every bit as stylish as hose of any other material, it's the safest, most sensible and most satisfactory of the lot.

Like Wolsey Underwear, Wolsey Pure Wool Hose is designed for SERVICE, and, like Wolsey Underwear, it carries out its mission to perfection.

WOLSEY HOSE

PURE WOOL & GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE

Made in seamless and fashioned styles and in fast colours. Wearing parts all specially reinforced. Available in a wide range of styles and qualities to meet every taste and purse, and sold by Drapers, Hosiers and Outfitters everywhere.

WOLSEY LTD LEICESTER

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Opinion of an Owner of a Post-War 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce in Australia

"WE divide all motor cars into two classes, and in the one put the Rolls-Royce, and in the other, all the other cars.

"The care shown in the materials selected and the work put into the car is reflected in its perfect performance.

"The Rolls-Royce is easily **the best car I have seen or known,** and further, it is **the best car I could imagine,** and I consider myself very fortunate in being the possessor of one."

Reference No. 507. The original may be seen on application.

40-50 h.p. Chassis £1850
(Long Chassis £50 extra)
20 h.p. Chassis .. £1100

ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED,

Telegrams: Rolhead, Piccy, London. 15, Conduit St., London, W.1. and at *Telephone: Mayfair 6040 (4 lines).*

Stand No. 279, International Motor Exhibition, Olympia, Nov. 3—11.

A-L Spot-Light in use for "backing" a car.

THESE WINTER NIGHTS

Now "daylight saving" is no more, they will probably be cold and wet—they will certainly be dark. But the driver will be infinitely more comfortable if he knows that, whatever may happen, he has with him a thoroughly reliable auxiliary lighting outfit. An A.-L. Auxiliary Spot-Lighting Outfit used with Dissolved Acetylene, provides a powerful light, ready at a moment's notice. The best fog piercer, a "spot" light and driving mirror combined.

Stand 360
OLYMPIA
Nov. 3rd—11th

A-L AUXILIARY SPOT & FOG LIGHTS

Allen-Liversidge Ltd.

108, VICTORIA STREET, S.W. 1.

STAND 255

OLYMPIA NOV. 3-11

THE SUPREME

SUNBEAM

14-h.p. 4-cyl. Touring Model

with complete equipment

£685

Other Touring Models

16-40 h.p. £895 24-60 h.p. £1,220

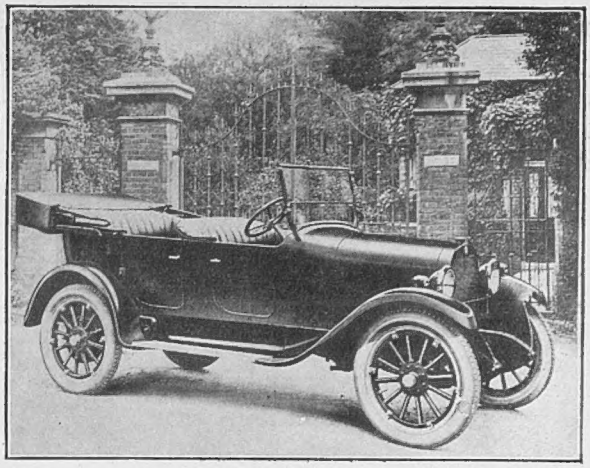
In addition to the Cars displayed on our **Stand No. 255,** at Olympia, a complete range of current Sunbeam Models is available for view at the London and Manchester Showrooms

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.

WOLVERHAMPTON *Head Office & Works* . . . . . Moorfield Works.
LONDON . . . *Showrooms & Export Dept.*, 12, Prince's St., Hanover Sq., W.1.
. . . *Southern Service & Repair Works*, 177, The Vale, Acton, W.3.
MANCHESTER . . *Showrooms* . . . . . 106, Deansgate.
. . *Northern Service & Repair Works*, 288/294, Eccles New Rd., Weaste.
NEW YORK . . *Showrooms* . . . . . 25, West 57th Street.

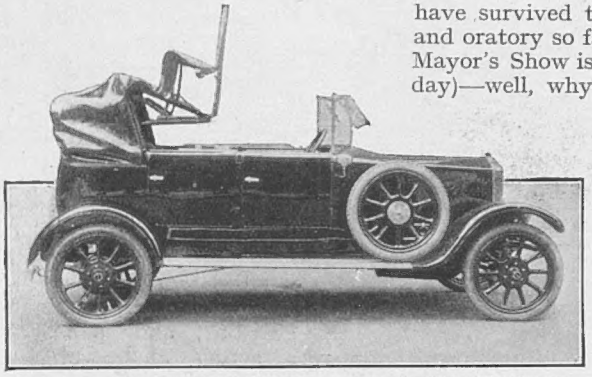
MORE SHOW NOTES

By "OLD HY."



DODGE FIVE-SEATER

WHETHER the hope that Good Times are now coming with the results of a General Election I know not, but guessing from the crowds that have thronged the White City and Olympia since the Sixteenth International Motor Exhibition opened last Friday I should think that the public have generally elected to all buy motor-cars. It is a strenuous affair, though, for an onlooker, though I must say the motor industry does do its best to see that he should not faint by the wayside for want of nourishment. First the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders entertained us all, and themselves, to a banquet last Wednesday at the Connaught Rooms to fortify the company to stand the shock of the endless display of motor-cars and their accessories in the White City and Olympia for the Private View on the Thursday, and then the Wolseley Motor Company, Ltd., entertained us and their agents to dinner at the Savoy on Friday evening after the opening day of the Exhibition. In case Sunday at Brooklands, where the band played and cars hustled round the track, had whetted our constitutions for more, Dodge Bros. (Britain), Ltd., kindly fed us most sumptuously at the Savoy on Monday evening.



NEW 14 H.P. GWYNNE-ALBERT ALL-WEATHER CARRIAGE

* * *

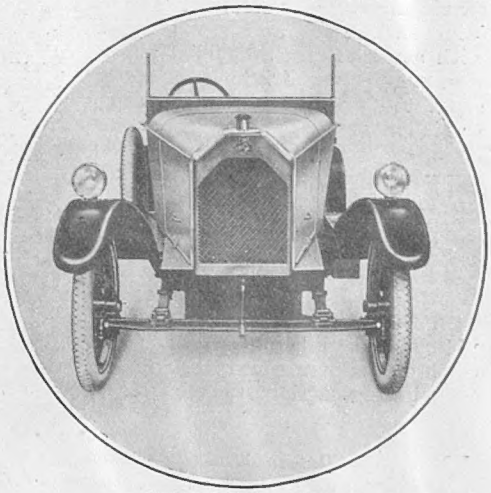
BUT one good turn deserves another is the spirit of this wonderful trade, so after M. André Citroën and Messrs. Gaston, Ltd., had given us a wonderful lunch on Tuesday (yesterday) the Agents' Association proceeded to dine us that night at the Holborn Restaurant in order to tell us what splendid fellows we and they are and how they were working at a lower percentage of profit—or should I say discount off manufacturers' prices?—so that we, the good and glorious public, could buy our beautiful cars at the present low figures. To-night (Wednesday) Sir Herbert Austin presides at the Connaught Rooms to tell us all he has seen in America and how Austin and Sizaire-Berwick cars can supply the motorist with every conceivable style or power of motor carriage, from a tiny four-cylinder 7 h.p. to the car *de luxe* with six-cylinders and latest luxuries in chassis and coachwork. Fortunately, I have an excellent digestion, so have survived the Lucullian feasts and oratory so far, but as the Lord Mayor's Show is to-morrow (Thursday)—well, why worry?

* * *

STILL, I was forgetting that I am in the White City looking at a business vehicle for a business man—or woman, when I come to think about it—on Stand 70. Here Dodge Bros., in conjunction with International Motors Ltd., are exhibiting a business brougham on a 23.8 h.p. rated chassis, purchasable for £395. Yes, I can hear you remark, no wonder you are inspecting, for even in pre-war days who would have thought you could buy a non-squeakable, leather-upholstered enclosed vehicle, whose equipment includes a heater to keep your toes warm, a wind-screen cleaner to keep the rain and snow from obscuring your driving straight when you want to, and ad ample locker to stow your samples or luggage in, besides the usual comfy fitments expected for that small price? Squeaks on coachwork usually happen from warping woodwork. The Dodge business coupé, from framework to window mouldings, is built entirely from steel by a new method of construction. So is like a safe, and who ever heard a safe squeak? Also, there is a five-seated Dodge sedan or saloon on the same principal for £465, silk blinds included, and other wonderful fitments.

* * *

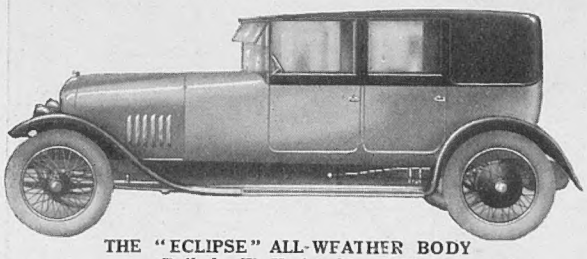
DID I hear someone say that they wanted a car for about £200? Why, sonny, there is a new one just been built for you costing £207 18*s*., and I am sure George Mitcheson, who sells it, will let you pay the odd money in instalments. It's the new 8 h.p. Gwynne, on Stand 314, Olympia, with a three-seater clover-leaf body, hood, screen, electric light, overhead valve engine, with push-rods and three bearing crankshaft complete. For an extra £10 4*s*.—The Service Motor Company, Ltd., are whalers on the shillings—you can have a starter on the engine, which has been designed to carry it, but, mark you! as an extra. It is right bang up-to-date in its features, warmed-up carburettor of Claudel-Hobson, and all that sort of thing—and they tell me it can do about forty miles on a gallon of fuel, and the oil consumption is 1,500 miles to the gallon. Of course, if you do happen to have a bit more to spend you might have a look at the 11 h.p. Gwynne Albert, rated at 13.9 h.p. It is an uncommon nice all-weather carriage; in fact, it's more than that, as it really is a folding-up limousine with its four doors,



NEW 10 H.P. SWIFT

MORE SHOW NOTES (continued)

hotted-up engine and nice fittings, together with a most aristocratic appearance. And it is really quite cheap, too. You ask the price, and you will agree with me.



THE "ECLIPSE" ALL-WEATHER BODY
Built by W. H. Arnold and Co.

My friend, McMinn, has promised to lend me his new Swift car—after the Show, he says—so I went to look at the new Swift, and found the new 10 h.p., with central control, Delco Remy ignition, and all sorts of the latest gadgets, including Rotax engine-starter, for £275. Of course, it is a swifter car than the old 8 h.p., which was just swift, but the price is down and the goods better, which is best of all. But the 12 h.p. Swift is the value for my money, £495, with right-hand change and a jolly comfortable two or four-seater body. I think if McLatchie or Bobby Burns—I should be writing Scotch if the Show lasted a fortnight—offers me the 12 h.p., McMinn can drive the 10 h.p. himself, as I don't like that remark of his, "after the Show," though he says it will take me nicely up the side of any house, as it's a climber, bar none.

* * *

In the coachbuilders' section in the annexe at Olympia there is an excellent example of the latest "Eclipse" four-door all-weather body on Stand 372, built by W. H. Arnold and Company, which has easy access to all seats for the six people it can carry, and the driver's seat is adjustable. This is on a 20 h.p. Minerva chassis, and being fitted with a window in a divided partition enables the driving-seat to be separated from the rear portion, so is ideal both for owner or chauffeur driving. Its colour is imperial lake and the frameless windows, V-shaped front, make it a very handsome and useful open or closed carriage. On Arnold's stand, too, there is a 15.9 h.p. Bentley, with a three-quarter coupé with folding dickey seat, which is upholstered in *couleur de fauve* cloth of a superior texture, another very taking carriage.

* * *

But the coachwork at Olympia is better than ever, as the V-fronted saloon, with frameless, sliding windows with their doors, I saw on a 10-15 h.p. Fiat chassis recently, has its duplicate on Stand 295 on a small Vinot car. It is the nicest small saloon in the hall, built by T. H. Wright, Ltd., the coachbuilders, of Upper Saint Martin's Lane, and I think it does show how an intelligent craftsman can give you a comfortable carriage on so short a wheel-base as the 1½ litre cars are, besides being very smart as well.

* * *

In the "Crowborough" interior-drive limousine-landaulette on a 30 h.p. Daimler on the Connaught Motor and Carriage Company, Ltd., Stand 393 at Olympia, you get another specimen of improved coachwork. This has a sliding and divided back main seat and squab, with detachable arm-rest division to back seat, a type of coachwork interior that is really comfortable on a long journey. On this stand, also, there are two other interior-drive carriages, a limousine, with division on a 30 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley chassis and a saloon without a division on an 18 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley, both good examples of high-class coachbuilding.

10 H.P. FIAT—SALOON
Built by T. H. Wright, Ltd.

* * *

Sporting cars are to be seen in various powers like the 10-20 h.p. Enfield-Allday, which is a very fast bus indeed. So much so that at the request of some of their customers the new Enfield-Allday is a 12-30 h.p., designed to meet the demand for a medium-powered family car, engine 69 mm. bore 117.5 mm. stroke. This has right-hand change lever and brake, and is a well-designed four or five-seated carriage, with any type of coachwork desired. It is shown with both open and enclosed bodies, and is fast on the road with the heaviest. Now, of course, one can have the 10-20 h.p. as a touring, as a sports, and the 12-30 h.p. as a saloon Enfield-Allday or an open car, while the price is moderate, £450 for the open four-seater. After all the arguments as to whether three or four-speed gear-box is the better to have I notice this new 12-30 h.p. Enfield-Allday has a four-speed box, so I rather fancy it's the winner.

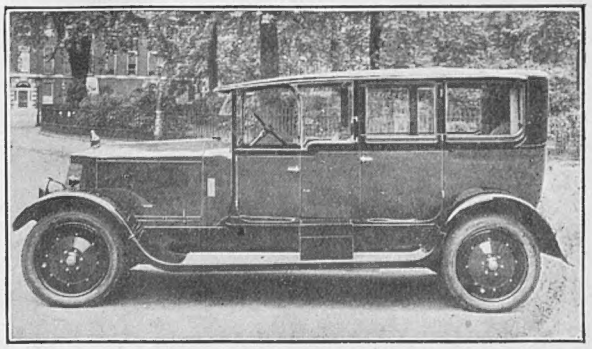
* * *

I should imagine that those builders of battleships, the Beardmore Company, have made a lot of other motor builders visit their Stand, 246, at Olympia, in order to inspect the neat manner for adjustment which they have arranged on the new 11.9 Beardmore car's back axle. Outside, on the casing, is a screw, one turn of which is equal to a thousandth of an inch lateral movement of the crown wheel of the spiral bevel. The pinion also can be adjusted by means of a rotating collar on the forward extension of the central portion of its housing. This is one of the real new cars in the Exhibition with its overhead-valve engine, felt glands round the valve stems to prevent oil getting in the combustion chamber, case-hardened striking pads on the rocker arms to prevent usual wear, four-speed gear-box, and a method of rear spring anchoring that allows greater deflection with stiffer leaves. It is one of the nice, refined-designed cars under £500, besides being well equipped in the matter of coachwork and usual accessories. There are forty light cars between £7 and £12 tax at the White City, and forty-four of the same category at Olympia, but few show so many interesting features as this £12 tax Beardmore.

* * *

One is apt to think of Ferodo as simply the usual material the motor industry uses for brake

(Continued on page 408)



THE CONNAUGHT "DAVENPORT" LANDAULETTE ON 30 H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY CHASSIS

A LUXURIOUS LIGHT CAR OF HIGH EFFICIENCY

LUXURIOUS in every sense of the term is the new 10-12 H.P. Straker-Squire. That it is unusually high in efficiency goes without saying, for it has all the racing experience of the wonderful Straker-Squire "Six" built into its design.

The standard four seater, fully loaded, has lapped Brooklands at 55 m.p.h. and climbed the test hill in 15 seconds.

Write to-day for full details of this luxurious light car that brings a new standard of efficiency into economical motoring. See it on Stand 259 at Olympia.

NEW MODELS & REDUCED PRICES

10-12 H.P. 2 seater with dickey complete		£425
10-12 H.P. 4 seater	,,	£450
15-20 H.P. Chassis		£540
15-20 H.P. 2 or 4 seater	,,	£725
24-80 H.P. 6 cylinder Chassis		£1,150
24-80 H.P. 6 cylinder 2 or 4 seater	,,	£1,450

BRIEF SPECIFICATION: 4 cylinder engine 65 x 110 mm. R.A.C. rating 10·4 h.p., overhead valves. Detachable head. Thermo syphon cooling. Forced lubrication. Magneto ignition. Inverted cone clutch. Four speeds and reverse. Righthand change. Spiral bevel drive. Internal expanding brakes, long semi-elliptic springs front and rear. Steel detachable wheels 710 x 90 non-skid tyres; 9 ft. wheelbase, 3ft. 10in. track. Smith's electric starting and lighting, double windscreen, hood, leather upholstery, clock, speedometer, electric horn, grease gun lubrication, petrol gauge, etc.

Straker Squire

STRAKER-SQUIRE LTD., Angel Rd., Edmonton, N.18. *Telephone: Tottenham 2393. Telegrams: Rhomboidal, Tottlane, London.* 47

Arrol-Johnston

15·9 Type "D" Car

OUT of the many innovations on an 'Arrol-Johnston' car which contribute to its quite abnormal comfort, one can point to the several useful shelves below the dashboard, the roomy door-pockets, the double windscreen, the horseshoe arrangement of the dashboard, the luxurious springing and the splendidly upholstered seats.

Its mechanical efficiency is beyond question.

Reduced Prices:

Saloon Model	£750
All-Weather Model	£695
Touring Model	£550

ARROL-JOHNSTON, LIMITED, DUMFRIES, SCOTLAND.

Saloon Model £750

London Dealers: The Leverett Kearton Co., Ltd., 79-85 Davies Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1

10/20 h.p.

Galloway

CARS

are now made by

Arrol-Johnston, Ltd.

Prices:

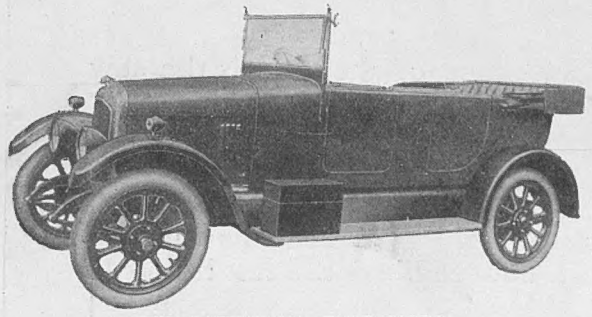
Coupé	£450
4-Seater	£350
2-Seater	£295

MORE SHOW NOTES (*concluded*)

linings and clutches. In the Gallery, at Olympia, there is a working model of one of the 1,000-ton hydraulic presses, showing how these linings are made by die pressing, but there is a working model of a motor-car spring which demonstrates the advantages of Ferodo spring interleafing. This interleafing is placed between the leaves of the spring as it is built up, and does away with the use of lubricants, as there is no rusting or binding of the springs. Moreover, it positively prevents squeaks, just as Ferodo "Bonrest" stops vibration and noise from rattling bonnets. Both of these are well worth investigating.

* * *

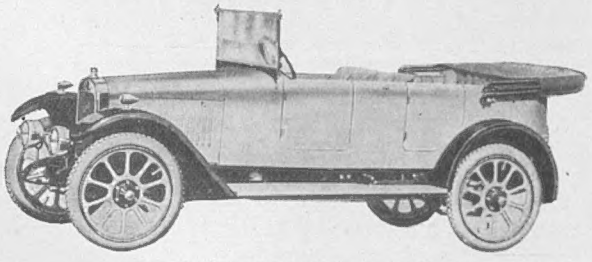
It is to the credit of Auto-Carriers, Ltd., that they foresaw the desire for the small six-cylinder car, and catching sight of one of these on stand No. 301, at Olympia, I halted to see this six-cylinder 15.7 h.p. (65 mm. by 100 mm.) A.C. car. Fitted with five Dunlop cord tyres, the owner-driver will note with satisfaction that all minor contact-surfaces are lubricated by automatic means, which eliminate the screw-down grease cups. The spring shackles, and like, all attend to their own lubrication. Costing £700 with either a two or four-seated all-weather body, this six-cylinder A.C. is capable of making high road average speeds.



THE LATEST 11·9 BEARDMORE
Built by the builders of battleships

* * *

Somehow or other, though Zenith carburettors are in the great majority on the cars exhibited, I had to give up the job of discovering which makes of cars were fitting the new triple diffuser Zenith. The average attendant on the Exhibition car stands thinks when he says "Zenith carburettor" that finishes it, but I know the new triple diffuser type is being fitted, anyway, on the big cars, though, perhaps, the ordinary Zenith is on the light car class, Morris-Cowley, etc. You see, in this new Zenith there is the primary diffuser, a secondary diffuser, and the main choke tube, whereas in the ordinary type there is no secondary diffuser (or choke). The idea of this is to produce a greatly increased air velocity through the carburettor without causing loss of power due to a restricted amount of gas entering the cylinders, and this extra diffuser does the trick and so produces better atomisation or breaking up of the petrol globules. But I expect this is about as much gas that you will stand for during a show, so shall close the throttle, hoping you will all enjoy yourselves at the Exhibition. I'm off to another luncheon party, Heaven bless their hospitality! Old Hy.



THE NEW 10 H.P. ENFIELD—ALLDAY

THE Car that set the fashion to the World, and still to-day the leader of its class, the ROVER has gained a commanding ascendancy that is only achieved by conspicuous superiority.

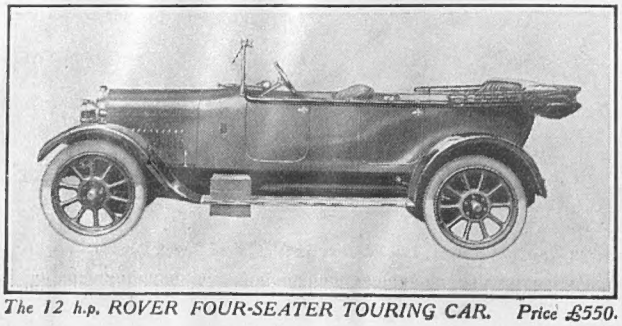
The 12 h.p. ROVER Four-Seater Touring Car illustrated, has many improvements introduced for 1923, the most interesting of which is that a new engine developing considerably more horse-power is fitted, giving greater liveliness and more speed to the car. The lubrication of the engine has been altered to pressure feed. With a Hood and Side-curtains opening with the doors, the car may be rapidly transformed into an all-weather model. The following standard equipment is worthy of special note:—Two Horns, Luggage Grid with straps, Spring Gaiters, Two Floor Mats, Clock, Speedometer, Dash Light, Grease Gun Lubricator, etc.

ROVER

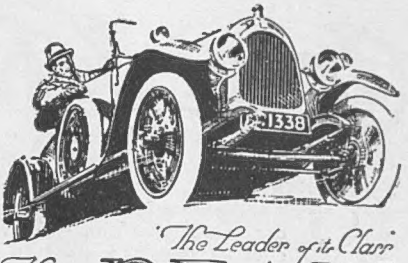
"The Car that set the fashion to the World"

STAND NO 282 OLYMPIA NOV 3-11

Send for Catalogue illustrating all Models.
THE ROVER COMPANY, LTD., COVENTRY.
59a, New Oxford Street, London.
and Lord Edward Street, Dublin.



The 12 h.p. ROVER FOUR-SEATER TOURING CAR. Price £550.



The Leader of its Class

The 11·9 BEAN

MODELS & PRICES

TWO-SEATER WITH DICKEY	£335
FOUR-SEATER TOURING CAR	£345
TWO-SEATER COUPE WITH DICKEY	£400
FOUR-SEATER COUPE	£495
TWO-SEATER BROUGHAM WITH DICKEY	£425
CHASSIS	£285

STAND 245 OLYMPIA

A. HARPER, SONS & BEAN, Ltd.
Established 1826.
HEAD OFFICE - - - DUDLEY, WORCS.
WORKS AT DUDLEY, TIPTON & SMETHWICK.
Telegrams; "Waddams, Dudley." Telephone: 2469 Dudley.

125